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DECEMBER 1944

The American Mercury

REVOLUTION THREATENS ITALY

PATTERSON AND THE DAILY NEWS

THE NEGRO PROBLEM REACHES A CRISIS

Articles by Archibald Rutledge & George S. Schuyler

DISEASES OF THE HEART

Gene Rea

George Y. Wells

Dr. Robert H. Feldt

ANTHONY EDEN

By William Bayles

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Q: Is it like a rocket?

A: No. A rocket carries not only its fuel, but also the oxygen needed to burn it. A jet-propelled plane carries fuel for its G-E engine, but takes oxygen from the air as it travels through it.

Q: Is it like the German robot bomb?

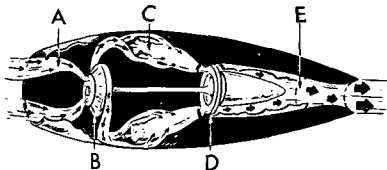
A: A little. The robot bomb uses a crude form of jet propulsion. But it hardly compares with the G-E jet propulsion engine for very fast, very high flying fighter planes.

Q: What was G. E.'s part?

A: General Electric engineers developed the jet propulsion engine from an original design by Group Captain Frank Whittle of the R. A. F. General Electric was chosen by the Army Air Forces because of G. E.'s long experience with steam turbines and turbosuperchargers.

Q: What makes the jet plane go?

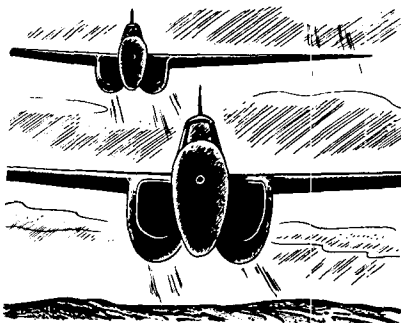
A: The same kind of force that makes a toy balloon scurry when it slips from your fingers or that makes a gun kick against your shoulder or that makes a rotary lawn sprinkler turn. You see forms of jet propulsion every day.



Q: How does the engine work?

A: Air flows from "A" through com-

pressor "B" into chamber "C," where it is heated and expanded by burning fuel. Part of this hot gas turns turbine "D," which operates compressor "B." From here gas rushes through nozzle "E." The jet from this nozzle drives the plane forward.



Q: What does the jet plane look like?

A: At first glance it looks much like any other plane. But the propellers are missing and there is no sign of conventional engines. Here is a sketch showing the P-59A, built for the Army Air Forces by Bell Aircraft. This plane is powered by two General Electric jet propulsion engines.

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VOLUME
LIX

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(Continued on page 757)



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The American MERCURY

REVOLUTION THREATENS ITALY

BY GENE REA

THE Allies have won a military victory in Italy, but they are losing, if they have not already lost, the Italian peace. The negative attitude of the British and the Americans has greatly shaken the faith and hope in the Allies which the Italians demonstrated immediately after unconditional surrender. After twelve months of Allied "liberation," the Italians are dangerously near open revolt.

You will not see this change of attitude in the smug offices of politicians. Nor will it be too evident in the so-called "controlling" towers, the Allied commissions. But, go among the people, to areas devastated by war, speak to the homeless and destitute, and you will see that there the smoldering fire is already bursting into flames.

England and the United States have failed to understand the psychology of the Italians, and by Italians I mean the masses — the peasants, the laborers, the white-collar workers, the bulk of the middle class. They constitute the vast majority of the Italians. There are two other classes. There are the feudal lords, owners of tremendous estates and farms, aristocrats of medieval days in every sense of the word, titled personages; and there are also the rich commercialists and industrialists. Neither of these classes is at all dissatisfied with Allied "liberation," for the Allies are, in effect, protecting the wealth and the positions of both. These latter two classes did pretty well under Fascism; and they are doing pretty well under AMG.

GENE REA was born in Italy, but came to this country in 1922. He attended Brooklyn College and the New York University School of Journalism. After writing for the movies, he joined the staff of *Il Progresso* in 1939. He is now its special war correspondent in Italy.

It was the masses that suffered under Fascism and bore the brunt of the war and all its horrible consequences. It is the masses who today are stirring and asking a question that was unthinkable one year ago: "Is liberation worth the price?"

The British and the Americans have been wishy-washy. They promised one thing and did another. They hesitated. The English plugged for Badoglio. The Americans did not know whom they should support when it was imperative that something be done immediately to restore the national economy of the country as quickly as possible. Twelve months have passed and Italy is foundering on the international scene.

Allied commissioners have endeavored to do the best they can with the power they possess from their respective governments. A small minority has fought vigorously to "get things going." Most of the others have sat back complacently in their office chairs and "talked." Those who felt the pulse of the nation, the ever-mounting woes of the common people, sought to break through the red tape and get the national economy in motion. But so far they have been able to accomplish little.

This winter will be the turning point in Italy, for, during the coming months, the attitude of the Italians will crystallize. Whether it will favor the British and the Americans depends on what action is taken by the Allied commission. Already the signs of danger have appeared in many

parts of Southern Italy. Riots and strikes have been reported. The famished Neapolitans have resorted to robbery on a great scale. Supplies disappear from warehouses in a most mysterious manner. It is not safe to walk through the streets in the dark.

II

The atmosphere throughout Italy is one of discontent. The Italians have no end of praise for the Allied military. There can be no disputing the fact that they welcomed American and British soldiers with open arms; that they were happy that Fascism was defeated. They had hoped, however, that with the destruction of Fascism a new Italy would arise. They see, instead, a prostrate Italy incapable of moving, of getting started. They see a tragic winter ahead with little or no hope of relief.

Perhaps the basic trouble was touched upon by an official of the Allied commission who said, "You must remember that our primary function here is to see to it that the terms of the Armistice are carried out. That is our fundamental job."

But what are the terms of the Armistice? No one will discuss them, neither members of the Italian government, nor officials of the Allies. But you can guess what those terms are. Based on unconditional surrender, they are unquestionably harsh in the extreme.

Superficially, the Allies have established bureaus and commissions to aid

the Italians. Most of the work performed, however, is "on paper." Very often it does not get beyond the written stage and develop into concrete fact. This may be due to the confusion that is still widespread among the Allies as to what to do with Italy. The British seem intent on keeping the monarchy — Churchill's many open declarations have favored Badoglio and the House of Savoy. America, on the other hand, is undecided whether to follow the Prime Minister's path, or to favor the democratic feeling of the people. Russia is playing a secret hand, outwardly favoring Badoglio — as witness the fact that it was the first Allied nation to recognize his government — but meanwhile laying the groundwork for a communistic alliance.

One hears a great deal about plans that are in formation. The Allies promised greater help, but the Italians haven't yet seen that help in concrete terms. The agricultural commissioner for the Allies has published an exhaustive report on the work performed in the past year. Many farms have planted and harvested wheat, potatoes and corn. Fishing vessels have brought in their catch. But, ask the people of Italy, where are the grain, the corn and the potatoes? Where is the fish? They are nowhere to be seen in the cities. The people are terrifically undernourished and on the verge of starvation.

The Allied commission says that all Southern Italy, up to a line some ten miles north of Rome, is now under the jurisdiction of the Italian govern-

ment. This is true only theoretically. The common joke in Italy revolves around the following question: "But, have you received permission from AMG?" For everything that needs to be done in the way of reconstruction requires the permission of the Allies. To this complaint the Allied commission answers: "We must make sure that nothing stands in the way of military expediency. We have a war to win first."

So, when the Italian government asks for an extra 500 trucks to bring in much-needed foodstuffs to the starving population, the commission is forced to say that 500 trucks are not available. When plans are formulated and approved and the Italian government has decided that it wishes to start some factories going, it learns that those factories cannot be used, because they are now requisitioned by the Allies as necessary to the war effort. One Italian minister had to make an investigative trip to the ruined areas in the South. He applied for an additional gasoline ration, but was informed that he could not obtain it at the present time. The minister said that he was forced to buy gasoline in the open black market to make the trip.

III

The Italian government made plans to return refugees to their homes. It applied for permission to obtain the use of some trucks. The Allied commission could not find trucks avail-

able at that time for the transportation of these refugees. A Vatican authority asked for the use of four trucks to transport some refugees. He was informed that the trucks could not be had. The clergyman finally resorted to the use of Vatican trucks, which were badly needed elsewhere.

With inflation making prices soar to fantastic heights, the Italian government asked permission to raise the pay of employes, so that the latter might be able to buy at least some food. At this writing, no decision has been made for an adequate raise. The question is still being studied.

The Italian government asked permission last year to start forming an Italian army so that it might fight alongside the Allies and, at the same time, raise the morale of the Italian people as a whole. There were more than enough men to form some fifteen divisions. But the Allies, apparently under pressure from the Greeks, the Yugoslavs and the French, did not give their permission. The majority of Italian soldiers, instead, were disarmed and returned to civilian status. Partisans, as soon as their section of the country was liberated, had to surrender their arms. Today the morale of these soldiers is absolutely broken. Only a little while ago the Italian government was allowed to start the formation of a new army. It sent out a call for soldiers. Throughout liberated Italy few men are answering that call — they are too dispirited.

"The Allies," said an Italian government official, "had two courses they

could follow. Either they treated us as a defeated and conquered nation and allowed an army of occupation to rule over us; or they treated us as friends and collaborators and allowed us to fight alongside them. Unfortunately, they chose neither course."

IV

Most important, the Italians are starving. A person needs a minimum of 2,500-3,000 calories a day to keep going. Allied soldiers receive about 4,500 calories a day — the Italians, if they are lucky, receive about 1,000 calories.

The Allies have adopted a severe scale of pay for employes in the various bureaus they have set up. The average girl working in one of these Allied offices earns about 80 lire a day. Men working at various trades for the Allies earn from 80 lire to 150 lire a day.

The Allies have stabilized the lire at 100 for a dollar, which gives you a pretty good idea of their wages. But that is not the whole picture. Were prices fixed to measure with the pay scale, conditions would not be bad, but when you consider that a family of four, in order to eat one modest meal a day, has to buy foodstuffs that cost about 350 lire (\$3.50), you can begin to appreciate the tragic picture facing the Italians.

Where is the Italian family going to earn the money necessary to keep alive? There is no employment to speak of in Italy. The only persons

who are able to scrape enough together are the farmers who still have their land intact. There is no industry in Italy; nor is there commerce. If the family is lucky and possesses jewelry, heirlooms or objects of art, it can pawn them and get a little money to keep itself going. Thousands of families have sold their blankets and their linen, just to buy food. But, now that winter is coming, they'll have no blankets to keep them warm.

Let's just look at some of the prices that are now prevalent. A pair of shoes costs 4,000 lire (\$40). A suit costs 20,000 lire (\$200) and a shirt 1,500 lire (\$15). Stockings are not seen in the legal market — but you can get them in the black market for 600 lire (\$6). In the food market there is only a very limited selection. Eggs, which have just begun to appear in the open market, cost 20 cents each. In the black market they bring 60 and 70 cents apiece. Olive oil outside Sicily is a rarity, but, if you can get it, you'll have to pay at least 570 lire (\$5.70) per litre (a litre is about one-fifth of a gallon).

A loaf of bread costs 90 lire (90 cents) — not for the rationed bread, of which there is not enough, but for the "illegal" bread. Meat, if you can find it — and you can't, except in the black market — brings as much as 900 to 1,000 lire a pound (\$9 to \$10). Fish is almost unheard-of. Sardines, which used to sell for a few lire a kilo, now bring as much as 150 lire (\$1.50)! There are hardly any beans in sight and potatoes are nowhere to be seen. Yet the black market sells beans and

potatoes at very fancy prices. Incidentally, in speaking of the black market, one must understand that it isn't the same as the one we know in America, which is conducted in secrecy. Here it is done in the open, under the very noses of Allied and Italian authorities.

By far the worst sufferers from this tragic situation in Italy are the innocent children. Clothes for them do not exist. Mothers go around searching for scraps of material to patch them together. Burlap bags are ripped apart and then sewn into makeshift dresses or trousers. Milk cannot be found; dairy herds were in large part destroyed by the retreating Nazis, and those that are left are lean and produce little or no milk. Imported condensed milk is not sufficient to go around. It is an appalling fact that in Naples alone, where statistics were made available, 45 per cent of all children under one year of age have died within the past year because of malnutrition.

Conditions in hospitals are deplorable. In Rome, where war did the least damage, hospitals lack most of the necessary items to carry on their work. A few minutes after one patient dies, another patient is put in the same bed; there are no means of disinfecting that bed, or even of changing its sheets. In Rome, too, 200,000 persons each day stand in line for their "soup rations." These are distributed once a day by the Public Welfare Commission of AMG. The Vatican distributes tens of thousands of *minestre* once a

day to others. And yet Rome is hardly touched by war!

Health conditions throughout Italy are truly terrible. The amount of venereal disease in such cities as Naples and Palermo is appalling, and now the danger of typhus is becoming acute.

The tragic sight of ragged, dirty women, their faces haggard, without shoes and wearing dresses that are patched together, holding infants in their arms and begging for a few lire, is common everywhere. You see young girls, probably not older than nineteen years, lying down on sidewalks, their backs against the wall of some building, trying to breast-feed their little ones, when it is obvious there is very little to offer.

V

Today, throughout Italy, there are about 1,000,000 homeless and wandering refugees. From the Abruzzi section of Italy alone come 100,000 such people. From Libya come another 100,000. Towns and cities that have been razed by war contribute their tens of thousands, while other thousands are those who were driven from their homes by the Nazis. All of them want to go back to their own land, even though their houses may be nothing but ruins.

But today the Allied commission can find no transportation to help these people return to their own land.

Refugees in out-of-the-way places live in deplorable conditions. Cinecitta, one such refugee camp, houses

some 1,000 refugees. There are neither beds, nor chairs nor blankets. They live in the empty studios that once were the pride of the Fascists and sleep on the hard floors. Most of them have as their only possession the clothes they wear. Many of them have no shoes. They eat but once a day. And for seven days a week they get the same food, a none-too-savory soup concoction.

Prostitution and the black market are the two flourishing trades in liberated Italy. Rome, which prided itself on the reputation of its women, is now witnessing the tragic spectacle of girls walking the streets, openly asking officers for 1,500 lire to sleep with them for a night. GI's get the so-called smaller fry, girls who are willing to go with a soldier anywhere as long as he gives her something to eat. The number of these prostitutes is increasing daily. They are not all from Rome — many of them come from the devastated areas. Some have lost their homes and others their husbands. Nearly all of them are orphans. Only a very small number are so-called "professionals."

This rise in prostitution is recognized by the Italian government. But officials are unanimous in saying: "What can we do? Hunger knows no bounds. Yes, it is degrading. But you take a family that has no means of livelihood. The daughter or the mother will go out and try to help. Soldiers are free with money. She says it's just a few minutes and it will give her family something to eat."

The struggle for food is tragic everywhere. Men, women and children in the areas south of Rome can be seen daily with a little quart tin-can foraging for food in some army or civilian garbage dump. They'll dig for that little piece of meat that the soldiers have discarded, the little bit of fat, the greens, the crumbs of bread, and collect them in their cans.

All of liberated Italy, except for that very small group of landed aristocracy, rich industrialists and politicians, is now suffering from hunger. That very small group still has its reunions and eats rather well. It is true that a few of this group are doing great humanitarian work, helping to feed and to shelter the poor, but the others are jockeying for power, inviting influential Allied officials to their homes and serving them elaborate dinners.

That is the tragic picture of Italy today. It is not a pretty one. Take away the mask and you will see revolution

in the making. Not a planned revolution, although the communists, the anarchists and those who have put on a white shirt for a black shirt will jump in and try to take control once such an uprising occurs — but a revolution of the masses.

The people simply cannot take it much longer. Words alone will no longer satisfy the Italians. Promises will not appease them. They need bread and they need shoes. They need doctors and medicine to end the menace of malaria, tuberculosis and typhus. They need blankets and clothing. They need to see their farms planted and tractors tilling the soil that now stands idle. They need to see their factories running. Merely to recognize their government is not enough.

If the British and the Americans don't realize that Italy is on the verge of revolt and do something tangible about it quickly, this will be a grim and bloody winter in Italy.



Aberrations —

Cicero on Julius Caesar: "When I look at his hair which is arranged with so much nicety, and see him scratching his head with one finger, I cannot think that this man would ever conceive so great a crime as the overthrow of the Roman Constitution."

Tolstoy on Shakespeare: "Shakespeare cannot be recognized as a great genius or even as an average author. . . . The works of Shakespeare have nothing whatever in common with art and poetry."

President U. S. Grant on Venice: "Venice would be a fine city if it were only drained."

ANTHONY EDEN

By WILLIAM D. BAYLES

IF the plans pursued relentlessly by English Conservative statesmanship materialize, Winston Churchill will pilot Britain through the treacherous years of postwar adjustment, then surrender the helm to Anthony Eden. Eden is the white hope of the Conservative Party, the political architect who is expected to bridge the gap between English traditionalism and the new liberalism already stirring on the Continent. But the Conservatives want Churchill to remain Prime Minister for several years after the war, because, while honoring Eden's charm and integrity, they recall his pitifully ineffectual efforts to stem the cascading decline of the League of Nations and his weak sallies against the inflated dictators, and consequently they have scant faith in his ability to hold his own when the shooting war ends and the shouting war begins.

Another group of Englishmen, vastly superior in number, but for the moment politically impotent, is convinced that the surge of dynamic postwar events will sweep Toryism and the system that makes and preserves the Edens of England into the repository

of history, and replace them with some raw, new political system unfettered by tradition or class.

Whether Eden fulfills his Conservative destiny by advancing the policies of an England maintained by and for men like himself, or stands as the final flawless product of his age before the turbulent forces of the future cast up new horizons and leaders; whether one is disposed to regard him as a well-groomed thoroughbred waiting for the field to clear before going into his paces or merely as an elegant oddity born out of his century, he nevertheless merits the careful attention of every intelligent observer of the world scene. For he is the barometer from which can be read the trend of Britain's and the European world's future. If Eden becomes Prime Minister, the old order stays and Britain will settle back into her groove to become the reactionary power of tomorrow; if Eden goes, the ball of British destiny will sail into the air and anyone may catch it.

More than any other public figure in contemporary British life, Eden epitomizes an age that held birth and

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good manners superior to ability and believed in preserving the nation by maintaining an enlightened ruling class. In him the pale blue line of blood and tradition runs as true as the pale blue stripes that break the sombre black of his old Etonian tie. To Americans, who know him principally for what he wears, he typifies the English gentleman. To Englishmen, who never think of the cut of his clothes, he is also the perfect gentleman for a number of reasons that only an Englishman can properly understand.

The adjectives that describe him are restrained, often on the weak side. He is retiring, only slightly ambitious, mildly dyspeptic, self-conscious to a degree, controlled in gesture and comment, serious over the slightest things, gentle, considerate, thoughtful, and devastatingly sincere. His handclasp is limp, his voice high-pitched and tired, his chin and eyes weak, his teeth uneven and rabbit. The one strong thing in his face is his mustache, which he constantly fingers as though to convince himself that he actually succeeded in growing it.

He is an expert listener and in an interview usually does the questioning. A casual visitor does not get the impression that he is particularly well informed about anything but departs prouder of his own intellect. His speeches reflect a moral and intellectual integrity that his opponents have never attempted to deny. So mild are his criticisms, so reserved his praise, that subordinates in the Foreign Office find it hard to distinguish between

his blows and his caresses. It is doubtful whether he has a single enemy in all England, and whatever their political views, Britons of all classes usually describe him as "a very decent chap." Mayfair hostesses of his own generation refer to him tenderly as "Dear Anthony," and a Whitehall wit once summed up parliamentary opinion by saying, "Albion could never be perfidious if Eden was in charge of her affairs."

Like all men who live with their work, Eden has practically no private life. He tries to spend an occasional weekend at his home in Sussex, especially when his sons Nicholas, aged eighteen, and Simon, aged fifteen, are home. For recreation he plays tennis, scans Persian verse or paints — not vigorous oils in the Churchill style but transparent aquarelles.

These observations about Eden the Gentleman do not explain why Eden the Statesman has figured prominently in British politics for twenty years, or why today, at forty-six, he is Foreign Secretary, House of Commons Leader and heir apparent to Churchill. The reasons rest less in Eden himself than in the welter of facts and formulas that underlie the "English way of life." Because it has always been so, Englishmen believe that in times of crisis England by some miraculous process produces a Nelson, Kitchener, or Churchill to lead her to victory. But crises are rare, and in normal times England has no place in her government for geniuses or individualists. It is not the man who counts, but the

system, and the only sure way for a young aristocrat to get ahead in politics is to identify himself so completely with the system that he practically ceases to be an individual.

In living memory no Englishman has fitted into the mould so perfectly as Eden. His looks, social position, temperament, education, and outlook more than met every prerequisite. This alone would have guaranteed his success in politics; a keen sense of political values, undeviating loyalty, patience, and the ability to carry out orders even when he doubted their wisdom, provided the impetus that carried him to the head of the field.

II

Stephen Leacock once said that the English train young aristocrats for leadership by telling them they are of a superior breed and treating them worse than chimney-sweep apprentices. Eden began his training under his father, Sir William Eden, an egocentric known among his contemporaries for his artistic talents, spectacular dress and hair-trigger temper. He threw expensive china at hucksters, servants and children who annoyed him with their noise, wore pastel-colored velvet suits with silk patchwork waistcoats, and sought his friends among professional prizefighters. Growing up in the company of such a parent, Eden could follow the example of his father in extreme non-conformism or he could seek a psychological balance in complete conformity.

His nature dictated the latter choice, and he grew up shy and retiring, devoted to his mother.

At Eton, where young English blue-bloods are flogged more often than their common contemporaries in the council schools, and new boys are subjected to a system of brutal hazing, Eden collected more than his share of blows and indignities because his timid, almost girlish nature made him the natural victim of a generation of schoolmasters who believed character could be beaten into a boy, and of his school fellows, who undoubtedly rejoiced in finding so docile a subject for their sadistic pranks.

He left school before he was eighteen to join the Army as a lieutenant. In France the hazing continued, now from his fellow officers, who ribbed him unmercifully because of his youth. As part of the general jest his colonel ordered him to grow a mustache and bets were laid at various odds on whether he could. Before the war ended, two years later, he had succeeded. Even while mistreating her young members, England has a way of watching after her blooded stock, and from the labyrinths of the War Office orders of promotion raised Eden's rank gradually to that of captain. On his own he won the Military Cross for going into No Man's Land under fire to rescue a wounded soldier.

While the majority of England's returned youth wasted time during the years of postwar adjustment, Eden went back to school. His field was Oriental languages and he spent his

vacations in the home of a French pastor learning French. His future career, politics, had been decided before he was born.

The English political system is kind to young bluebloods. When they are judged to be ripe for a seat in Parliament, the Conservative Party machine, more tightly organized than Tammany ever was, takes charge of them. Usually they are first put up as candidates in a Labor or Socialist constituency just to give them some experience in campaigning. Fortunately for the bluebloods, there are no residential requirements and the party organization may put up a man in constituency after constituency until he is finally elected. The British public accepts this kind of casual representation, even to the extent of dutifully re-electing members who have been known to boast in London that they had forgotten which constituency they represented.

Eden was first sent to contest an election in Durham, a tough coal-mining region, and was thoroughly trounced after the Laborite and Socialist population had enjoyed a field day of ribald heckling. To Eden, this, like the hazing at Eton and ribbing in the Army, was a painful but essential part of his training and he bore it stoically. He was next sent to Warwick and Leamington, a Conservative constituency, which elected him by a comfortable margin, in 1923. His opponent was the redoubtable Lady Warwick, who conducted her campaign with a single slogan: "It's time

to put little Anthony back to bed." His initiative, that year, in marrying Beatrice Beckett, daughter of the millionaire owner of the *Yorkshire Post*, powerful Conservative organ of the north, proved to the party leaders that the boy had promise and the traditional process of handing him up the political ladder began in earnest.

In assessing Eden's position in British politics, it is important to remember that he is the star pupil and protégé of Stanley Baldwin, who appointed him Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs in 1931, moved him up to Lord Privy Seal in 1934, made him Minister without Portfolio for League of Nations Affairs in 1935, and Foreign Secretary in January 1936. With little effort on his part he inevitably became associated with the League of Nations, mostly because his youthful handsomeness and air of sincerity caught the imagination of the small peoples of Europe, and he assumed the rôle of a modern Sir Galahad. His efforts at Geneva were unavailing except to provide a curtain for the backstage manipulations of Sir John Simon, Sir Samuel Hoare and Pierre Laval; but no one could possibly doubt the earnestness of his intentions. Returning from a League session, the one-time Foreign Minister of Poland, Jozef Beck, commented, "Eden is a charming fellow but he should either learn about Europe or keep quiet. Imagine being 'phoned by him at midnight because he remembers something about the Balkans that he learned at Eton."

Eden visited Germany twice and heard Hitler bark his desire for peace and an Anglo-German *rapprochement* while snatching the Saar, invading the Rhineland and getting set to seize Austria and Czechoslovakia. Mussolini, already involved in his first snatch, slighted Eden. But Stalin knew that he represented the group in England that really counted, and he treated him kindly and won respect.

III

It is unthinkable that a statesman brought up in the Conservative system should ever do anything to embarrass or disgrace his party, and Eden never has. Conformity and obedience have been the watchwords of his career. "Long ago," he informed journalists in North Africa, "I learned the wisdom of obeying my leader." Within the party, however, objection to a policy may be voiced, or a minister may resign.

Eden opposed appeasement from the outset but his record of office shows a truly formidable tolerance of a policy that by 1936 had already begun to cascade to inevitable disaster. When Germany set out to take back the Saar, he devoted his efforts to insuring that it be done in an orderly way. The Rhineland occupation, which broke the Locarno Pact, he countenanced with silence. At the time of the Hoare-Laval deal, which gave Mussolini a free hand to take Abyssinia, he dutifully declared himself behind Hoare, and he continued to

carry out the government appeasement policy when he followed Hoare as Foreign Secretary. The sanctions against Italy advocated by him in Geneva were repudiated by his own government, but he stayed, and in the Spanish War he supported non-intervention.

Even when he discovered that Neville Chamberlain had begun to dabble personally in foreign policy and was by-passing his ministry, he followed the party dictum of loyalty. Not until 1938, when he had definitely been shunted to the side and saw his entire career in jeopardy, did he resign. To a nation fed up to the ears with appeasement, his action had an electric effect and with a word he might have started a revolt that would have upset the government. But when pressed to lead the popular movement his resignation had started, he recoiled in shocked indignation and in subsequent speeches urged unity behind the government.

Under Churchill he has been Secretary of State for War and Foreign Secretary, the two fields in which the Prime Minister feels himself particularly competent. His two successors in the War Office have been complete figureheads, and questions of major foreign policy have invariably been decided by Churchill. If Eden exerts any influence over Britain's foreign policy today, it is of a restraining kind. Churchill uses him as a kind of brake to his own impetuosity and belabors him with his views and proposals before submitting them to the other Allied leaders. His practice is usually

to summon his Foreign Secretary to Downing Street at a late hour and in a smoke-laden atmosphere to expound his views until he has convinced himself that he is right. Eden is expected to provide a chorus of assent or to insert suggestions with such tact that Churchill will not become annoyed. To succeed the frigid logician, Sir Stafford Cripps, whose very presence in the House of Commons tended to stifle debate, Churchill made Eden House Leader, which is regarded as a necessary step-up to the Premiership.

Eden is also Churchill's whipping boy. Churchill makes the decisions and Eden takes the rap if they turn out wrong. This was demonstrated in fairly humiliating fashion when every diplomatic correspondent in London received a report that Eden was about to be tossed to the wolves, perhaps to be replaced as Foreign Secretary by a close Churchill crony, Lord Beaverbrook. With the arrogance that is part of his nature, Churchill has pursued his war-making with little regard for the immediate welfare or opinions of the people. In addition to numerous complaints over neglect of domestic affairs and what they feel is unnecessary involvement of their country in post-war problems through incautious war commitments, the voters of Britain are by no means in accord with the way their government has handled Greek, Yugoslav, Spanish and Polish relations, not to speak of the vital question of France. Their resentment has boiled to the surface in frequent parliamentary flurries and found ex-

pression in one resounding defeat for the Churchill government. Realizing that something had to be done, Churchill characteristically turned on his whipping boy. But the popular and press reaction to the trial balloon reports indicated that the people would not be fooled by any such manoeuvre and that Eden was far preferable to Lord Beaverbrook as Foreign Secretary.

IV

At the time of writing, the parliamentary cauldron still simmers, and according to Whitehall rumor, decisions on foreign affairs are being handed to Eden from 10 Downing Street after being mulled over by Churchill, Beaverbrook and the Minister of Information, Brendan Bracken. His past record indicates that Eden will sit tight and wait for an opportunity to reassert from the inside an influence which Tory code prevents his exercising through criticism from without.

His removal from the Foreign Office would not impair his position as heir apparent to Churchill, for he would still remain House of Commons Leader and spokesman of the Conservative Party. But his departure from the dreary, gray building across the street from Churchill's official residence would mean a severe wrench in Eden's personal life and habits, for he has moved his bed and toothbrush into the Foreign Office, into a tiny apartment constructed in what was once the main reception

room. Surrounded by the musty routine of civil servants, dispatch boxes, and memoranda, he lives there tranquilly like a monk.

Pedestrians in St. James Park occasionally see his stooped figure striding past with a slightly rolling gait as he takes his 9 A.M. constitutional before stepping down Whitehall to the House of Commons where he gives studiously thought-out answers on behalf of the government to parliamentary questions. Where they would bait another government spokesman, questioners often accept inadequate replies from Eden. "You know the poor fellow is doing his best," a prominent parliamentarian explained to me. "If he doesn't give you a satisfactory answer, it's because Churchill won't let him."

With the U. S. and Soviet ambassadors, he comprises the Inter-Allied Advisory Committee, but he has not committed himself on any of the proposed postwar plans, nor is he likely to. His efforts in arranging the peace will remain anonymous but will undoubtedly be of a moderating kind, aimed at restoration rather than punishment.

"Orderly, regulated progress with eyes open to changing conditions," was the platform announced by the New Tory Group in Parliament. This could also be Eden's personal platform. He has always favored close Anglo-American relations on a reciprocal basis, but no more than Churchill would he ever preside over the liqui-

dation of the British Empire or any part of it. He shares the traditional view of British Conservative statesmanship that Continental Europe is composed of several large powers, each envious of Britain, but from her position by the cockpit, Britain is able by alliances to maintain a fair balance of power between them and thus guarantee her own security. For several centuries the Continent has tried unsuccessfully to shake off this system of remote control. Eden is a firm believer in ententes, and the present trend of developments in British relations with Spain, Yugoslavia and Poland indicates that even during the war the Foreign Office is attempting to lay the foundation for a new European balance of power.

To say that Eden aspires to the Premiership would be grossly untrue. He would undoubtedly rather spend the rest of his life gardening and painting, but men of his class are taught from birth that service is an obligation and they wait to be called. Deeply conscious of the fact that the "orderly, regulated progress" of the Baldwin-Chamberlain era practically cooked Britain's goose, most of her fighting men in their letters home make strident demands for a new, progressive Britain. But as a nation they feel a deep, nostalgic attachment to the past, and given the alternatives of Eden or a generation of turmoil, the vast majority would undoubtedly settle for Eden. "Fer a toff," they say, "'e ain't 'arf bad, not 'arf."

THE UNEARTHLY CAT

BY FRANCES M. WAINWRIGHT

NOT long ago there was an extraordinarily hot wrangle in the pages of THE AMERICAN MERCURY on the subject of dogs. I missed the beginning of the mêlée, but read with interest the vast number of choleric abuses and choleric defenses of these four-footed companions. The whole to-do was a splendidly normal sample of human argufying: a good old dust-up about a good old subject, as healthily natural as an election fight. Some people like dogs and cite their virtues; some people don't like dogs and cite their faults. *Voilà!*

In no such easy mood of simple free-for-all can consideration be given to the creature that *I* have in mind: the cat. A person may like dogs, because they are loyal, and so feel sensibly attached to one; or a person may dislike dogs, because they occasionally bite people, and so shun them. But it is not this kind of simple love, or simple fear, that cats inspire. The Egyptians did not exactly *like* cats, as one may like a setter. They fell flat on their faces before the cat, and appointed High Priests of The Cat to attend to every imaginable feline want, and when a cat died they shaved their eyebrows and went into mourning, and they buried the body in swathings of silk and cloth of gold.

On the other hand, people who have antipathy to cats — which is technically called ailurophobia and is not at all uncommon — cannot be said merely to *dislike* cats. It is not anything quite so feeble as mere aversion, when, upon the soft-footed entrance of a peering cat into a room, a strong man shivers and sweats and moans and falls in a faint.

As every psychiatrist knows, that happens a thousand times a day. Has the presence of an airedale ever given anyone convulsions? Just try to imagine the collapse of effect if Edgar Allan Poe had called his celebrated story "*The Black Dog*," and you will realize what I mean about the special quality of cats.

Most of my life I have been studying cats, observing them, watching them intimately, and (if the phrase were not an absurdity, where such a creature is concerned) keeping them as pets. There is just one word, I have come to feel, that states the quality of the cat . . . the quality that made the Nile-dwellers tremblingly placate the cat, and made the people of Ypres, even just three centuries ago, gather up all the cats they could find on the second Wednesday in every Lent and (with many a sign of the cross, one may be sure) hurl them from the

top of a tower. The cat is unearthly. There is no other word for it.

A dog is a warm-hearted fellow, full of animal spirits and affection. There is a real bond between him and humanity. There is the same bond, at least in some degree, between man and every other animal he has domesticated. The horse, in its gentle-eyed equine way, is obviously fond of us as a companion. Even the ponderous grassy-breathed cow, who is not very bright, shows a certain amiable reciprocity for our looking after her. But the cat . . . the cat remains as coldly alien, as distant from us, as the moon. Man took pussy into his house at a date so immeasurably remote that there is no fixing it. He "owned" the cat, it is likely, before he owned even the dog. And now, after all these ages, what has the cat become? It has not "become" anything at all. It remains itself. It is what it was in the beginning: a being utterly and totally withdrawn into its own enigmatic self-sufficiency. It does not love us. It does not hate us. Its policy continues steadfast as a cool and serene non-recognition.

Sometimes it has been said, by rather superficial observers, that the cat's personality is simply the personality of a wild animal, which has retained more than usual of its wild traits under domestication. That is a comfortable explanation. But it will not do. It does not serve to dispel the unique atmosphere that forever surrounds cats and that is forever tinged with the quality the Germans call

unheimlich. For even considered simply as a wild animal, the cat does not conform and belong. It is as lacking in comradeship with its fellow cats as in any warm give-and-take with our human selves; and its ways do not conform to the regular customs of zoölogy.

Watch a dog eating. He gulps and bolts. He has the natural racial memory of the savage days when attack might come at any moment. He is moved to hurry, even now when it is not necessary. But not so the cat. A cat approaches its meal with sleek, disdainful leisure; sniffs and toys with it; at last partakes of it with the same sublime, serene self-centeredness with which it does everything else. It is as though never, since the race of cats began, had anything dared molest one at its feeding. It is as though the cat had been forever solitary, barriered, with a magic circle drawn around its person as around its impenetrable soul, since the beginning.

II

It is a natural thing for animals to be attached to their homes. It is a natural thing for them to react with instinctive and spontaneous friendliness toward the people in whom they sense a kindness toward them. It is natural for them to be humbled by chastisement, administered either by humans or by their fellow animals. To all these common modes of behavior the cat is an icily contemptuous stranger. After years of submitting to petting,

good feeding, and every comfort in a home, a cat will abruptly steal out of it into the night and never return. It has had a cat-whim; and a cat-whim acknowledges the validity of no other claim, no other code or control. Or a cat will enter a room full of people, regard them levelly with the well-known cat-look of imperturbable uncaring, disdain and evade all kindly advances, and pad soundlessly out of the room again as unrespondingly as a planet in its course. Or a cat will have a chastising administered to it, by a person or by another cat; and it will only whisk away, green-glacier-eyed, withdrawn even deeper than ever into its own infinite depths of selfness, utterly unrepentant and unhumbled. A cat's heart is never touched.

Its heart, do I say? Who shall declare that a cat possesses one? In season a cat ruts, squalling and screaming; but it is a lust impersonal, without element of love or allegiance. In season a cat has a childhood; but it is a time for cool practicing of the mathematics of the kill, for nice perfectings of the adult co-ordination whereby alert, emotionless eyes and sharpened retractile claws and sinuously rippling muscles shall be brought to bear upon the serene business of catching a mouse and freeing it, catching it and freeing it, in a rapt, bland ritual. In season a cat sickens unto death. But it asks or wants no comforting. It disesteems solicitude. It wishes to die alone, untouched, hidden, in communion with nothing but whatever are the powers that secretly

sustain its incommunicable heart.

I have said that the cat is unearthly. We cannot accommodate it to the definition of a domesticated beast, nor yet to the wholesome mould of a wild animal. We cannot fit it into *any* classification. It is unique. It is cat. It is a species of thing apart and aloof, and not to be made participant in the workaday world or the wild one. A cat will not labor for us. A cat will not love us, save ephemerally for the uses of practical advantage. It will not even be our enemy. It disregards us. We are beneath it; we are remote from it; we are outside its periphery. It purrs a few minutes in the evening, on our lap; and then it is silent and suddenly staring, in total and undissimulated oblivion of us, at a corner of the shadowy room, or out through the windowpane into the night, rigid,ensorcerized, tautly communicant with Something. It has ceased making even a pretense of being "our" cat. It belongs to that Other.

To what? What calls a cat, so that it leaves its home in an instant and never comes back? What whispers into its peaked ears, when it abruptly stops the placid, emotionless mechanics of grooming its softly furry body, and peers with un-human, un-animal intentness at . . . nothing? Who or what is it serving, on all its stealthy and apparently purposelessly indirect whiskings and sidlings and glidings? Whose errands is it running, pitter-patter, pitter-patter, with its air of ancient and unreadable dedication?

The Egyptians thought they knew.

They guessed what the cat sees, staring unwinking into the night. They thought it was Pasht; and they trembled and revered. The Scots thought they knew; but their guess was different and more terrible. They seized their cats and hurled them screeching and clawing into their bake-ovens; for it is only fire that has the power to destroy a witch. The medieval French and Italians and Spaniards saw (or thought they saw) how the cat's eyes wax and wane with the phases of the moon, and they unmistakably saw that the cat is somehow *not like* any other animal that anyone has ever known, and they remembered the belief of the Manichees. There is a Power that contests against God. The cat, walking forever apart from all the rest of God's creaturely handiwork, could be none other than the embodiment of That. In Picardy, on the first Sunday in Lent, they tied the cats to long poles, and the violinists played holy music with might and main, and then the people dipped the pole-tips and deposited their scratching, spitting prisoners upon a pyre of flaming faggots.

We no longer believe in witches.

We have finished with the supposition about an Evil One, and no longer try to identify that dark Prince's emissaries. But we cannot make much better guess about the cat than ever we could. About the dog, his faults and virtues, we can commonplace dispute. We cannot dispute about cats. For we do not know them. They still suavely catch our mice for us, drink our milk, sleep (when they feel like it) on our hearths, and go through the motions — but only the motions — of being part of our world. Their hearts, if they have any, remain elsewhere. Their spirits, aloof from every wheedlement and opaque against every attempt at understanding, elude us and are faithful only to their ancient dedication . . . whatever that may be.

The wild animals of the earth we can somewhat understand. The humanity of the earth we can somewhat understand. And we can understand, and be comradely with, the domesticated creatures that are betwixt and between the two, in their role upon the earth. But the cat we do not and shall never understand. For the cat, as I have said, is unearthly.



THE JAPANESE-AMERICANS IN WARTIME

By ROGER N. BALDWIN

ONE day not long ago, George Smith, a native-born citizen of the United States, was taken from his home in Boston and shipped to a concentration camp near Springfield. George Smith had committed no crime whatsoever and was not accused of having committed any. Politically he was, like most of his neighbors, something of an innocent, who voted in the national elections, but didn't participate otherwise in party brawling for political power. He worked in a dry-goods store owned by his father, and believed, with middle-class tenacity, that thrift and hard work would some day make him a substantial citizen in his community. He attended the Methodist Church, was a member of the YMCA, and took a frantic interest in the varying fortunes of the Boston Red Sox. He was an affectionate husband and the intensely proud father of two small children.

Until the agents of the United States government whisked him away from his home, he had never been involved in any extra-legal activity more heinous than kicking a football

through an indignant householder's window. He was, therefore, somewhat dazed to find himself and his family shut up behind barbed-wire barriers on the grounds that their loyalty to the United States was doubtful. Such things, he was sure, only happened in countries like Germany and Japan. The evidence against him sounded ridiculous: his parents were of alien origin. If that were sufficient to violate his rights as a citizen, there were millions in the United States whose freedom was in jeopardy.

Substitute Watanabe for the name "Smith," change the locale from Boston to Los Angeles, and what reads like an incredible fiction to anyone who believes in the sanctity of the Bill of Rights becomes a horrifying reality. What might have happened to "George Smith" of Boston did happen to George Watanabe of Los Angeles and to some 70,000 other United States citizens of Japanese descent who lived on the West Coast of the United States. It happened also to 40,000 Japanese aliens, legally barred from assuming United States

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citizenship, who made their homes in the same area. These 110,000 unfortunates made up the bulk of a miniscule racial minority numbering in continental United States 127,000 souls or .001 per cent of our total population. Driven from their homes, deprived of their livelihood, kicked about as casually as if they were stray mongrels, these Americans and Japanese are the victims of the most sweeping and deliberate violation of constitutional rights in our history. The treatment they have received stands as the blackest blot on our civil liberties record in this war — a record, incidentally, that has been, in most other instances, remarkably fine.

II

Why were these Americans and Japanese incarcerated like common thugs and hoodlums? In a massive volume published in January 1944 by the War Department, Lieutenant General John L. DeWitt, who was in command of the Pacific Coast region when the evacuations were carried out, attempts an explanation. General DeWitt insists that military precaution necessitated the removal of Japanese and Japanese-Americans from the coastal area, but he fails singularly to point out any instance of sabotage or sedition in the ranks of the Japanese and Japanese-Americans he cavalierly deported to bolster this contention. Instead, he relies on presenting vague suspicions, too ludicrous to be advanced even in the most prejudiced

courtroom. The General carefully sidesteps the fact that the FBI did not recommend the evacuations, and he is equally agile in shying away from the stumbling-block in the path of his *apologia* represented by the apparent refusal of the military and naval intelligence departments to recommend evacuation.

Neither the Army nor the Navy felt that internal security required an indiscriminate attack on the loyalty of the entire Japanese population. But the West Coast Congressmen did, backed by a powerful propaganda emanating in early 1942 from a thousand hysterical sources in California, Washington and Oregon. Nowhere does the General explain just why, in the event of invasion, the Japanese and Japanese-Americans would be more dangerous than German and Italian supporters of the Axis. Yet, while United States citizens of Japanese descent were tossed into camps without benefit of trial, German and Italian aliens were untouched. Perhaps the sparks from the axe the General is grinding have blinded him to the transparent reason for the racial and economic hostility to the Japanese in California and other West Coast states. The hatred of the Japanese as low-standard competitors runs back for decades; indeed, almost to the moment when they were first imported by business interests to provide cheap labor. Out of this hostility came such legal monstrosities as the California alien land laws and the general Oriental Exclusion Act of 1924. Fear of

their competition aroused organized labor, farmers and small business men, and became imbedded as a racial attitude in all classes.

But the evacuations cannot be blamed solely on a rumor-ridden, overwrought and hysterical citizenry. They must be blamed on the responsible United States authorities whose business it was to guide public opinion into sane channels and not fuel the fires of wholesale race prejudice. That the people could have been persuaded away from the excesses of early 1942 was indicated only a few weeks ago when the news came from California that an initiative petition providing for outlawing all land ownership by any persons of Japanese blood had failed to find sufficient backers to enable its being presented to the public for a vote.

The people of California are evidently thinking a lot more logically these days than the Hearst press, the American Legion and the Associated Farmers in California, all of whom have made a fetish of race prejudice against the Japanese. Hearst has led the West Coast press in playing down the bravery of the battalions of Japanese-American soldiers in Italy, in gibbering wildly about the yellow peril (which helps, of course, to cement relations with our Chinese allies) and in inspiring irresponsible rumors of Japanese-American sabotage.

The Legion has become so bitter about the Japanese in California that it has expelled Japanese-American veterans of the first World War and

has, in one California town, chiseled from a veterans' monument the names of Japanese-Americans who died for their country a quarter of a century ago. While the Associated Farmers are not officially on record about the evacuations, their members under other guises have been extravagantly agreeable to the movement. They piously insist that the \$70,000,000 produce business the Japanese and Japanese-Americans used to do in California has nothing to do with their fear of the Japanese. The cash, however, has usually called the tune in California.

When Earl Warren, now governor, was attorney general of California, he declared in February 1942 that "we have had no sabotage and no fifth column activity since the beginning of the war." The Federal Department of Justice, which has interned in all about 3000 resident Japanese aliens as potentially dangerous characters, agreed with that statement. The Japanese-American record in this war is not simply passively good. There are 10,000 Japanese-Americans who are serving patriotically in special United States Army battalions of volunteers. Three-quarters of them, however, come from Hawaii where there were more volunteers than could be absorbed because they had experienced no discrimination. It is only recently that the draft began to take Japanese-Americans either in Hawaii or the mainland; for almost two years it was closed to that minority alone. Outside the Pacific Coast

military zone and Hawaii, some 17,000 citizens and aliens of Japanese blood remain where they were before the war, scattered all over the country, quite unmolested, though suffering inevitably from wartime prejudice.

III

What would have happened if the civil liberties of the Japanese-Americans on the West Coast had not been violated? Would they have run amuck, derailed trains, blown up bridges, poisoned reservoirs, laid waste the oil fields in California? A pretty fair answer to that question has been provided in Hawaii where, among a population of 350,000, there are 160,000 of Japanese extraction, most of them United States citizens. They constitute 40 per cent of the Hawaiian population; without them the Islands would be economically paralyzed. Throughout the war they have been wholly undisturbed. No one has suggested evacuating, interning, or segregating them. A few hundred aliens among them were taken in tow by the Department of Justice and the military imprisoned a few hundred others. But the population as a whole has been treated as United States citizens should be treated according to the law of the land. Not even in the face of a far greater threat of invasion than the West Coast has ever known has any responsible military commander considered them a threat to military security.

That Hawaii was making no mis-

take in exercising tolerance is demonstrated by the striking fact that *neither there nor in the United States proper has any Japanese, alien or citizen, been brought before any court for sabotage, espionage or any other offence related to the obstruction of the war.*

There was, of course, espionage in Hawaii before Pearl Harbor. But it was practised only by agents of the Japanese consulate, not by resident aliens or United States citizens of Japanese blood. It took a long time for that fact to be established. The single exception to this record that the Japanese-Americans have set up both in Hawaii and on the mainland, occurred recently when three Japanese-American women were convicted in Colorado of aiding German prisoners to escape from a farm on which they were jointly employed.

It would be naïve to suppose that because the Japanese and Japanese-Americans, unlike the Germans and Italians, have not been involved in espionage and sabotage, there are no supporters of the Nipponese government among them. The segregation camp at Tule Lake, California, includes some thousands whose loyalty to the United States is dubious. Some openly whoop it up for Japanese victory; others feel that they will get a fairer stake in Japan than in the United States after the war. Among them are included temporary residents of the United States who were doing business with Japan when war broke out, American-born Japanese educated in Japan, the so-called Kibei,

and others who are simply disillusioned and disheartened American citizens hoping to escape discrimination by becoming Japanese subjects.

But those at Tule Lake do not represent the vast majority of United States citizens of Japanese extraction. For all their sufferings, most Japanese-Americans are eager to support the United States in the war. One of the bitterest complaints of the men of military age has been against the refusal of the government to permit them to serve in the armed forces as equals of other citizens. When they were asked to volunteer for service in segregated battalions while the draft was closed to them, some refused the unequal offer. But when the draft was opened to them in January 1944, they welcomed the chance to serve, although they still, with some justice, complained of Army segregation and the refusal of the Navy to employ them in any capacity. Aside from a handful that refused to accept what they regarded as an inferior status, Japanese-American draftees joined up like others. After all, most of them are products of American schools, who think and act like the rest of us. They fight like the rest of the Americans, too, even though their reward for fighting is often something less than encouraging. Only recently a Japanese-American flier, returning from Europe with three decorations for exceptional bravery, remarked to an audience in San Francisco that he was "not sure I can walk the streets of my own country in safety."

IV

There are now, and there will be later, bills in Congress demanding punitive treatment for the Japanese minority. It has been seriously proposed that United States citizens of Japanese descent be deprived of their birthright on the ground that they hold dual loyalty — to the United States and Japan. A suit designed to effect this was thrown out by the Supreme Court, but its sponsors have written it into a bill now before Congress. Another bill is pending to deport all Japanese aliens after the war; still another would require all citizens of Japanese descent, however loyal, to take an oath renouncing their alleged allegiance to Hirohito.

It is discouraging to discover that what has prevented these bills from making headway is not lack of support, but fear — fear of reprisals by the Japanese government on United States prisoners of war if undue hostility is shown to citizens of Japanese ancestry, and fear of adding new ammunition to the Japanese propaganda barrage against United States racial practices, that has been used with telling effect in the Orient.

But even men whose liberal attitude toward races other than the white has been a byword, have occasionally been swept along by the current hysteria against the Japanese. It wasn't long ago that Fiorello LaGuardia, the ordinarily tolerant mayor of New York City, became vociferously alarmed at the settlement

of Japanese-Americans in the East. These settlers were some of the 20,000 citizens and aliens who have so far been released from the internment camps to work in areas outside the five-state Pacific Coast military zone. About 500 are leaving the centers weekly, after passing loyalty tests and being assured of employment. These are the most courageous; there are many others too fearful of facing blind prejudice to leave their camps.

It is a rather favorite tactic of the Hearst press, the American Legion, the Associated Farmers, the Native Sons of the Golden West, and the irresponsible Dies Committee, to charge the War Relocation Authority with coddling the Japanese and Japanese-Americans in the camps. If forcing innocent people to live in hastily-constructed barracks, paying them an average wage of \$12 a month, depriving them of their freedom of movement, make up "coddling," the War Relocation Authority is guilty of the charge.

But such Western propagandists are not satisfied simply with demanding that the Japanese-Americans be treated roughly. They are determined that they shall never return to California. Even when the Army has permitted soldiers of Japanese ancestry to return, together with the Japanese wives of Caucasians, there has been angry grumbling. The propaganda of Hearst *et al.* checked what was understood to be the government's plan to restore the evacuated population grad-

ually to the Pacific Coast — that of selecting particular categories of Japanese-Americans to return home, beginning with the families of soldiers.

Contrary to the expectations that opposition would let up once the disloyal were segregated, it has been intensified. Its militancy is clearly due to the awareness that no military reason now exists for barring people of Japanese blood from the West Coast. With no good basis for their attitude, the anti-Japanese propagandists are now depending on straight appeals to racial prejudice. In a Presidential election year, the propagandists can count on political caution to insure getting their way for the moment. After the election, and certainly after the war, the West Coast will be free territory again, as the President has pledged.

Most Japanese-Americans are anxious to accept our institutions and work loyally with the rest of us, contributing to our national culture. To prevent them from doing so is un-American. It would be a tragedy if the extra-legal device of employing "protective arrest" against minorities in wartime were permitted to establish a precedent. For it could be used, conceivably, against any minority — Negro, Mexican, Jew, or any other group that nationalist vigilantes were eager to oppress. All the Japanese and Japanese-Americans are asking for is the right to share equally in this democracy. If they are deprived of that right, so are we all.

PATTERSON AND THE *DAILY NEWS*

BY GEORGE Y. WELLS

FOR the last four years the New York *Daily News*, the greatest newspaper in the United States from the standpoint of circulation, has clung to an editorial policy which at times has been so wild and irresponsible that it would give pause even to the hot-eyed, piddling press of the lunatic fringe. The *News* has lightheartedly coupled Franklin Roosevelt with Benedict Arnold and the four freedoms with Haushofer's *Geopolitik*. It has supported the America First Committee in its maddest moments, and dismissed war measures like oil rationing as needless impositions on a people already too oppressed by power-silly theorists. It has printed confidential military information, baited the foreign-born in a manner hardly understandable in a paper with so large a number of foreign readers, and attempted to promote distrust among all the allies of the United States.

That such stuff could be dished up to the citizens of the United States during the greatest crisis in the country's history without hurting circulation suggests that other features besides the editorial pages and colum-

nists get the widest reading. But Captain Joseph Medill Patterson, the publisher of the *News*, doesn't see it quite that way. Only recently he inspired the *News*, which sells over 2,000,000 copies daily and 3,700,000 on Sundays, to ask itself editorially, "Why this popularity?"

The answer, said the *News*, did not lie in the humdrum reasons customarily advanced: its handy tabloid size, its superb comics, its excellently edited departments, or its thinly clad cuties and lively sex stories. The secret, the *News* revealed, was none of these things, but its editorial policy. As for sex, the *News* piously declared that it hadn't overplayed the matter in years; and neither had its associates in the Patterson-McCormick combine, the Chicago *Tribune* and the Washington *Times-Herald*. Yet they, too, led all the other papers in their areas. "We think the answer must be," the *News* concluded, "that a lot of people . . . like these papers' editorial policies and approve of them. Anyway, that's our story, and we're going to stick to it until and unless it's disproved."

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This self-analysis by the *News* was glib but somewhat less than convincing. Readers with long memories could recall Patterson's post-election editorial in 1936 when he pooh-pooched his own editorial influence and ribbed the rest of the predominantly anti-Roosevelt big-city press about the election returns. People, he pointed out at the time, read newspapers for facts — news, football and baseball scores, stock quotations, features and funnies. He urged some serious soul-searching among his fellow-publishers. "The smugness of some newspaper editors," he remarked, "passeth all understanding."

But if Patterson has become smug about his editorial policies, he has yet to recognize, at least publicly, his enormous talent in one highly important branch of journalism. He is a genius at creating and manipulating comics. A list of his contributions to this phase of his profession truly staggers the imagination. He has supplied the basic idea for such strips as "The Gumps," "Moon Mullins," "Dick Tracy," "Harold Teen" and "Terry and the Pirates," and he keeps a close supervision over half a dozen other comics that are distributed by the *Tribune-News* syndicate. Collectively the comics under his control reach some 50,000,000 people, and it would be a very casual observer indeed who did not credit the comics which he inspired or guides with at least some of the *News*' overwhelming popularity.

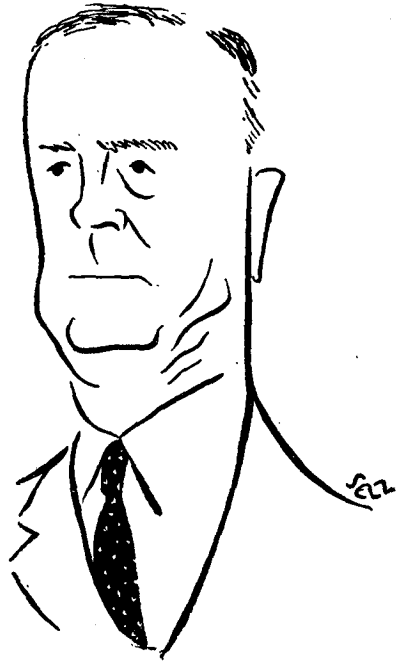
It is significant, if somewhat dis-

couraging to Patterson as a thinker, that the "Voice of the People" column in the *News* is often as full of comments on the doings of Flattop and Daddy Warbucks as it is with observations on the Captain's editorials. One has only to look over the latest study of circulation in districts commonly reached by all newspapers in New York City to see that the *News* makes its sales with little help from the Captain's messages. On the lower East Side, where its editorial policy, because of the large foreign-born population, would be anything except popular, the *News* had 48.1 per cent family coverage, a figure which has remained fairly constant from the time Patterson was whooping it up for Franklin Roosevelt until he abandoned him as a dictator and worse. By contrast, in the Yorkville section of Manhattan where Bundism used to thrive and where the *News*' isolationist policy would presumably be popular, it shows only a 5 per cent increase. In liberal Greenwich Village, the family coverage runs as high as 80 per cent, while in such poverty-stricken areas as Hell's Kitchen, the *News* and the *Mirror*, the only two-cent papers in New York City, have the field virtually to themselves. In the Fifth Avenue area, where the average annual family expenditure runs to over \$6,000, the *News* outstrips the conservative *Times* by 2,000 daily, reflecting, no doubt, a meeting of the minds of domestic help and those who frequent night clubs.

That a man of the infinite publish-

ing genius of Captain Patterson should suddenly fancy himself as a pundit is regrettable, but more or less an inescapable phenomenon. Almost every 'great publisher from Hearst to Luce seems sooner or later to get the notion that an ability to attract millions of readers is indicative of a capacity for leading the masses in the right direction. Nevertheless, Patterson, since his emergence as a Roosevelt-hater of the frothing variety, has managed to stir up a great deal of excitement in the newspaper business.

The stately New York *Herald Tribune* has denounced him for promoting disunity in wartime. So has the New Dealish New York *Post*. The leftist tabloid *PM* has pasted Patterson's utterances alongside those of Dr. Joseph Goebbels to point a deadly parallel, and the Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi League has sponsored an advertising and circulation boycott against the *News*. The paper's star Washington commentator, John O'Donnell, has irritated the President into awarding him a Nazi Iron Cross. Amidst all the hoopla, it is difficult for sane citizens to remember that the *News* is just a two-cent tabloid whose effect on the body politic is quite low. One naked lady, draped or not so draped, one new character in "Dick Tracy," always sends *News'* readers into an emotional state that Captain Patterson's editorials just can't seem to provoke. The Captain, for all his heavy boasting, deep down probably knows this as well as the next man, for he is a veritable genius at his business.



Captain Patterson

II

Patterson's journalistic phenomenon first rolled shakily off the presses in the old *Daily Mail's* ratty building in downtown New York twenty-five years ago last June 26. Called the *Illustrated Daily News*, it bore about as much resemblance to its model, Lord Northcliffe's London *Daily Mirror*, as a country weekly does to the *News* of today. The front page was devoted to the universal pin-up boy of that day — the Prince of Wales. Inside was a potpourri of news, pictures and features, the announcement

of a \$10,000 beauty contest and three pages of advertising. (At the last minute, doubting advertisers had cancelled twenty-one pages.)

Curiosity provoked the citizenry into absorbing the first-day press-run of 200,000, and sales hovered around 150,000 for the next few weeks. But by August they had skidded to as low as 11,000. Advertisers remained so rare that once, when some advertising copy went to the composing room marked for the *News*, the *Mail's* incredulous make-up men shunted it into their own paper. Several of the *News's* original staff went back to Chicago, Patterson's headquarters until 1926. All hands were convinced that the Captain had erred grievously in not accepting Hearst's first-day offer of \$50,000 to squelch the *News*.

Suddenly the faltering infant recovered amazingly. The adrenalin seemed to be the limerick contest which paid \$100 daily for the best last line. By January 1920, the *News* had again grown to 140,000 and ten months later it was paying for itself largely on classified advertising, its help-wanted columns having earned the tag of "Stenographer's Bible."

The *News* rose steadily with the giddiness of the twenties. It was daring enough to startle the needled-beer and synthetic Scotch set and smart enough to stop short of the fantastic fakery that killed Macfadden's *Graphic*. With the catchy headline, the flippant phrase, the prying legman and the candid camera, it unfolded the dizzy erotics of the Stillman divorce case,

Daddy and Peaches Browning and Kip Rhineland to the last titillating detail; the happy combination of sex and murder in the Hall-Mills and Snyder-Gray cases; the crimson careers of Al Capone, Legs Diamond, Waxey Gordon and Dutch Schultz, and the more exemplary heroics of Gertrude Ederle, Charles Lindbergh, Rockne's Four Horsemen, and Babe Ruth.

The *News's* small size was also ideal for reading in the subway crowd. So were its bright and simple heads and leads. It had such sure circulation lures as the *Chicago Tribune's* famous women's features — beauty and fashion hints, child and medical advice, etc. — and Patterson's famous comic-strip godchildren. And among the *News's* own happy creations was the Inquiring Photographer, today a widely imitated feature.

On the more commercial side was the *News's* independent distribution system, started in 1922 and still the only one in New York City. This enabled the paper to take full advantage of the swift growth of Queens and Brooklyn. Another of its virtues lay in the fact that dealers could hike their orders between editions to meet demands that such events as Lindbergh's flight would produce. No such flexibility existed then (or does today) among the *News's* morning rivals. Still, another shrewd circulation stunt was to stack the *News* on foreign-language paper stands where the tabloid's picture appeal sold it to many who could not read English.

By 1926 both the daily and Sunday editions (the latter started in 1921) had passed their first million and outgrown the original cramped quarters and two larger downtown homes. Patterson, convinced his prodigy was here to stay, moved to New York, and four years later ensconced it in a thirty-six-story skyscraper of severely functional design on East Forty-Second Street.

From its new home the *News* reflected a new mood. The depression had changed readers' tastes. By way of confirmation, Patterson crawled the pubs of Third Avenue and Fifty-Second Street alike, eavesdropped in theatre lobbies, subways, El platforms, buses and railroad stations. On such trips he often took his key editors. "You cannot publish a successful paper by ear," he told them.

Inevitably sex yielded to politics and economics, but it was not abandoned entirely. A Mary Astor-George Kaufman interlude could still vie for space with unemployment relief, the AAA, TVA, SEC or the Spanish Civil War. Similarly, a Ronnie Gedeon murder, with its rich legacy of the model victim's poses, could compete with the issue of whether nine or thirteen more justices should sit on the Supreme Court bench.

Concurrently, Patterson's sure comic-strip instinct came up with what proved to be two of its best circulation lures: "Terry and the Pirates" and "Dick Tracy." Instead of the bathing beauty contest of the twenties, the *News* inaugurated its

Beautiful Child Contest. Its Golden Gloves Boxing Tournament, begun in 1927, by now was a fixture for the athletically inclined, and for the more æsthetic there was the Harvest Moon Ball, an amateur dance contest.

By the end of the decade the *News* had become a convenient and fresh package of news, features, funnies and advertising, each with a specific tug among New York's motley populace. Well over three million people were buying it on Sunday, nearly two million daily. Only once (in 1932) during that time, when scores of papers folded or lost their identity in mergers, did the *News'* advertising dip. All agreed that Patterson had found the magic formula for mass appeal.

III

The *News* was born out of Patterson's disagreements with his cousin, Colonel Robert R. McCormick, when they were co-publishers and editors of the Chicago *Tribune*, but it was nourished to greatness by Patterson's peculiar genius. This is the tremendous personal triumph of the family rebel. For however much the *Tribune* bears McCormick's imprint today, it is a family monument he can never claim exclusively as his own. But the *News* is Patterson's, and his alone.

Both spoiled, headstrong sons of wealth, Patterson and McCormick came out of Groton and Yale two years apart, burning with the zeal to be something on their own. Their rich

journalistic heritage stemmed from Grandfather Joseph Medill, who had bought into the infant *Tribune* in 1856 and built it into a powerful voice of the midway. Medill, a power in local politics, had been mayor of Chicago and his two grandsons found early outlet for their energies in politics, too.

McCormick followed orthodox lines; Patterson, unorthodox. Successively, the latter served as a reformist state legislator and Chicago Commissioner of Public Works, then became a Socialist with a close working acquaintance with Victor Berger, Clarence Darrow and Big Bill Haywood. He also became a popular and prolific critic of his class. By 1910 Patterson had established a reputation as a proletarian novelist and playwright with *Confessions of a Drone*, a public apology for the social inequity of his inheritance; *A Little Brother of the Rich*, *Dope* and *By-Products*, all protest novels; and *Fourth Estate*, a play written in collaboration with James Keeley and Harriet Ford.

Patterson's Socialist torch burned only briefly, but embers of proletarian protest have remained with him. This used to take such unaccountably sophomoric forms as wearing two pairs of trousers to the opening of the opera and doffing one pair in the lobby to a chorus of gasps from first-nighters. The *Sartor Resartus* strain persisted through his World War service, in which he and his battery were distinguished both for bravery and efficiency and for disdain of the niceties

of army dress and discipline. It survives in such hardy *News* annuals as summer editorials championing Patterson's personal penchant for the tieless polo shirt and comfortable slacks.

After the death of his father, Robert W. Patterson, *Tribune* publisher, in 1910, Patterson moved with McCormick into the greener capitalist paradise of the *Tribune*. In 1914 they took formal control as co-publishers and editors. Under them, despite their numerous differences, the *Tribune* prospered. Such older heads as the late William H. Field, general manager, curbed the cousins' brasher instincts without stifling their talents. He acted as publisher during their absence abroad with the AEF and, significantly, was entrusted by Patterson with launching the tabloid experiment in New York in 1919.

Even before they had returned from the war, Patterson and McCormick had mutually agreed that the *Tribune* would never be big enough to contain them both. So rarely could they agree that at one time they alternated, month by month, in dictating editorial policy. This may have confused some *Tribune* readers, but it did not seem to drive any away. Their bickering at times became highly personal and petty. When the *Tribune* Tower was built, the plans called for the co-publishers to occupy the entire twenty-fourth floor. The baronial McCormick gave Architect Raymond Hood specifications for an elaborate palatial office in his half of the space. By way of taunting protest, Patterson

devoted a small portion of his space to a modest office and the rest to a squash court — the back wall of which adjoined McCormick's sanctum. It was some time before he relented.

In 1924 Patterson had started *Liberty* Magazine to compete with the *Saturday Evening Post*. As this and his flourishing *News* absorbed more of his time, he and McCormick finally reached an accord on their spheres of influence. Patterson was to go to New York as sole guide of the *News*, the magazine (later sold to Macfadden) and the syndicate. McCormick was to remain in Chicago, sole overlord of the *Tribune* and its subsidiaries.

IV

The *News* has always reflected two moods: its public's and its publisher's. These blended happily through the twenties and the thirties. When Patterson arrived in New York his flourishing enterprise had already brought him the dollar mark of respectability. In the late twenties, the ex-Socialist broke bread with such big-wigs as Charlie Mitchell, head of the ill-fated National City Bank, and enjoyed an insider's position on the market. Once he told a group of big businessmen they should be grateful to the *News* for diverting undue curiosity of the masses away from the fortunes the few were piling up.

When the crash of '29 exploded the beautiful bubble, Patterson was both skinned and stunned. He felt betrayed by an era and some of its

high priests who had been his shepherds in Wall Street. In this black mood he was predisposed to Roosevelt and change.

The New Deal fitted both Patterson's personal and publishing temperaments. In Mr. Roosevelt he found a fellow aristocrat with a kindred patrician spirit. Both wanted to better the life of the masses without resort to the barricade. Besides, Patterson could support the New Deal, because it was popular and nothing was too good for the masses.

As in the twenties, he relished the joys of being an insider. Regularly he commuted to Washington to dine and advise with the President. From his Ossining home he went upriver to Hyde Park for week-end picnics where hotdogs were roasted along with Economic Royalists. The *News* became a trial balloon for many New Deal innovations. Editorially, it foreshadowed such measures as Supreme Court reform. It chastised Mr. Roosevelt's opposition press almost as sharply as he did and chortled over his disdain for precedent.

Arm in arm, they marched into a third term and their inevitable break. The commonest explanation is a clash between Patterson's deep-dyed Middle Western isolationism and Roosevelt's foreign policy of the forties. But for one who trusted Roosevelt so far and so long for eight years, Patterson's opposition now smacks of a vindictive, personal feud, the roots of which remain a mystery. He has joined the hate-Roosevelt crowd whom he once

took so much delight in needling.

No doubt the mind-our-own-business note in Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy of the early and mid-thirties pleased Patterson. So, for the most part, did Nye's neutrality. Even Mr. Roosevelt's quarantine-the-aggressor speech at Chicago in 1937 failed to shake Patterson's faith, although its truculent tone disturbed him somewhat. But he seemed close enough to Roosevelt to know what was coming, for the *Sunday News* almost timed with the speech a colored map demonstrating how a quarantine might be applied to Japan — with or without the help of the British fleet — if Washington heeded Patterson's weekly injunction of a two-ships-for-one ratio with Japan. Mr. Roosevelt, however, was pointing across both oceans.

During the 1940 campaign, Patterson felt it necessary to warn Mr. Roosevelt that, however pleasing his domestic policies, his maverick slant on foreign affairs was irksome. The destroyer deal with Britain, for example, jarred Patterson. He was mollified a bit by the *quid pro quo* of off-shore Atlantic bases, which fitted into his concept of a Fortress America. But still such bases did not lie along the Aleutian-Pearl Harbor-San Diego triangle, and obviously the President had not consulted him on the deal. However, since Mr. Willkie approved it in principle, Patterson could go no further in rebuke of Mr. Roosevelt than to remind him editorially that it was too bad the Republicans had not chosen Dewey or Taft for a showdown

on foreign policy. And Mr. Roosevelt's Boston promise on October 30 that American boys would not be sent into foreign conflict left Patterson with a warm glow. All was right again with his Roosevelt.

The lend-lease bill a few months later, however, seemed too much for Patterson. He became more bitter as we started to shoot it out with U-boats and renewed the draft law (though for years he had advocated compulsory military training). By the late summer of 1941 Patterson couldn't stand it any longer. He pinned the dictator label on his old friend ("No congressional elections in 1942") and became a foremost voice and contributor to America First. Pearl Harbor was a shock. Only ten days before he had confidently demanded: "Come on — let's appease Japan." When the Japanese bombs on December 7 exploded this rosy theory, Patterson was as stunned as anybody in the country, as baffled as he had been by the '29 explosion in the stock market.

Still in a daze, he called on Mr. Roosevelt to proffer his services in whatever capacity the President wished to use them. His reception was frigid. Mr. Roosevelt strongly implied that Patterson was too old for the onerous duties of a war job. And he indicted Patterson for his isolationist editorial policy of the preceding months. Since then the President and Patterson have not met.

Recently Patterson boasted that his paper had backed a losing Presidential candidate only once (Al Smith

in 1928) in the six elections since his paper was founded. He is convinced that Mr. Roosevelt, not he, has lost his prized touch with the masses, and he is upset when the people disagree. In 1943, for example, he sent Doris Fleeson, one of his top reporters, into the South for a political survey which he was convinced would show widespread revolt against the President. Miss Fleeson's articles indicated no such trend. Patterson printed them but informed her she would do no more politics. Miss Fleeson resigned and joined the *Woman's Home Companion* as a London correspondent.

But even if Patterson has never been able to forgive Mr. Roosevelt, for the most part he has confined his pique to his editorial page. The *News* remains a highly compact package of information and entertainment. For its news it relies heavily, as always, on the Associated Press and United Press. It gives an amazingly thorough coverage of the war and Washington. The newsprint shortage has forced it to drop some of its features, but it still retains those bedrocks of circulation: the comic strips, the Broadway columns of Danton Walker and Ed Sullivan, Dr. Cutter's medical advice.

Now sixty-five, Patterson is tremendously proud of the success of his tabloid. A tall, husky man with deep-set eyes, a creased face and bristly gray hair, he runs his paper with the hand of a kindly tyrant. Now ingratiating and cordial, now brusque and aloof, he has few intimate friends and keeps his key executives at a

majestic distance. He professes a dislike for yes-men, but once extolled their virtues editorially. Impatient with detail, Patterson readily delegates authority to his sub-executives, but never accords them indispensability. To impress the latter point, he used to grant key men long vacations so subordinates could be thoroughly trained against the day they might take over their bosses' jobs.

To win is Patterson's obsession, and his only rule, editorially, is that all things are fair in love, war and politics — for him. When the Democrats harpooned Patterson-McCormick dailies with the "Chicago-New York-Washington Newspaper Axis" tag on the *News*' "Presidential Battle Page," Patterson abruptly abolished that election year feature popular since 1936. His excuse, fear of libel, seemed lame in view of an earlier complaint to the Democrats that their half of the page had been "overpowering" his own editorials, and that both parties agreed to post an indemnity bond against libel. Such imperious editorial tactics have not only outraged some of his readers but have offended some advertisers. To the latter *News* promotion sheets bluntly reply that the paper's circulation gets greater. As for his readers, Patterson knows that as long as they get their two cents' worth of war, politics and crime with a dash of titillating escapism, they'll still be around to be told off. They may vote against him by the millions, but they'll continue buying his paper — for a long time, anyway.

THE NEGRO PROBLEM REACHES A CRISIS

The Detroit and Harlem race riots of recent memory have only dramatized a situation in American race relations that has been festering for years and now threatens to shake the nation. Not only is the welfare of nearly 14,000,000 Negroes at stake, but also the peace and well-being of the other 120,000,000 Americans. Extremists on both sides have grown in number, and while we agree with neither group, we consider it salutary to present herewith two diametrically opposed points of view. Mr. Rutledge speaks for the conservative Southerners, while Mr. Schuyler is a recognized spokesman for a large element of the Negroes. — THE EDITORS

A. WHAT IF THE SOUTH SHOULD BE RIGHT?

BY ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE

I would say moreover that there is a physical difference between these races which will forever prevent the Negro and the white man living on a basis of social and political equality.

THIS quotation from Abraham Lincoln represents the Great Emancipator's considered judgment on a question that has plagued our country for almost a century. It has *always* been the opinion of the South. But, strangely, it continues to this day not to be the opinion of the North. One or the other must be right. Which one is wrong? And when I say "wrong," I do not mean so much in a wilful as in a misguided sense. Can the Negro and

the white man live on terms of social and political equality; or, without at all considering the delicate and irritating question of superiority and inferiority, are there genuine racial differences that make segregation both a natural and a salutary thing for both races?

This latter is the belief of the South; and though she has been badgered on this issue for nearly a hundred years, the South may be right. I believe she is. Nor does my belief detract in the least from my honest admiration of the Negro's many good qualities. I love him as he is; and I resent all attempts, however altruistic, to make

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him what nature never intended him to be.

It may seem strange, but the position of Lincoln on this question was essentially the same as that of Alexander Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy, who said: "Equality does not and cannot exist between blacks and whites. The one race is, in many respects, inferior, physically and mentally, to the other race. This should be received as a fixed invincible fact in all dealings with the subject."

I am not sure that I share Lincoln's opinion and Stephens' regarding the importance of physical difference; and I do not at all agree with Stephens that the undoubted physical difference amounts to inferiority. All things physical seem to me to rate lower than mental and psychological difference. Always, I believe, the importance of *difference* should bear the weight of emphasis; and I am very glad to say that in a good many ways the Negro is admirably different from the white man. For example, in my lifelong dealings with plantation Negroes, under almost every conceivable circumstance, I have discovered in these an innate delicacy and reticence that avoids anything that remotely suggests vulgarity. In what might be termed this spiritual quality the unspoiled Negro is superior to the white man. I am afraid, however, that in an urban environment this truth does not hold. Like any other race that comes in contact with our so-called civilization, the Negro suffers. For some reason, vices are far more contagious than

virtues; and to some degree, what happened in the South Sea Islands has happened in America.

We hear it reiterated that the Negro, as a race, has made amazing progress in our country; I have even heard it asserted that nothing else in the whole history of the world is comparable to it. In many individual cases, indeed, especially where the admixture of white blood has produced a new race, a brown one, the rise has been rapid and admirable. But, thinking in terms of the black millions, Negroes seem to me to remain what they were. I am not surprised at this, nor disappointed. That they have not greatly progressed in our sense of the term does not mean that they do not merit our admiration, and often our gratitude and affection.

It is nowhere apparent that the Negro, as a race, has been especially helped by the laws passed presumably in his behalf, including the law giving him the right to vote; nor by the various Northern foundations which have spent vast sums attempting, often by mere sociological essays and tracts, to make the Negro a white man with a black skin; nor even by the Society for the Advancement of Colored People (and, by the way, I think Negroes a far better and more honorable name than Colored People; one reason being that there are a lot of other colored races that are not Negroes). I do not say that the motives for these endeavors have been wrong; but the effect has been negligible, and, in many cases, downright deplorable.

II

A sidelight on a situation often helps us to see it more clearly. About fifty years before the slaves in America were freed, the Negroes in Haiti, knowing that Napoleon's power was waning, and that the French were heavily engaged in Europe, freed themselves by a fearful insurrection, an uprising in which thousands of French were massacred, and other thousands driven into exile. Many of the French who remained on the island intermarried with the former slaves; and it is this mixed race which governs Haiti today. The true blacks of Haiti remain about as they were, in character and attainment, 130 years ago. Nor should we overlook the fact that the government of Haiti, during the past century and a quarter, could never, in any respect, be regarded as a model. Indeed, conditions as a rule have been so confused, corrupt, and chaotic that periodically we have had to send our Marines there to bring about order and decency. A contemplation of this picture would lead the impartial observer to conclude that the Negro is not gifted politically; and what has happened to him in the United States since Emancipation would strengthen that belief.

During Reconstruction days the legislature of South Carolina, my own state, was in the hands of Negroes; a characteristic measure passed by them was to the effect that the state should provide solid gold spittoons for the convenience of the august members

of both the House and the Senate.

Another sidelight is shed by the history of the Government's Indian School at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, an institution with which I was long intimately familiar. There for many years was conducted an elaborate and costly experiment in educating the American Indian. He is not a white man with a red skin. He is radically different. Some years ago this experiment was abandoned as a complete failure. Now, no one should, because of that failure, think less of the Indian. He belongs to a race that has many noble traits of character. In his own field he is capable of achievement far beyond that of the white man. Dauntless, enduring, quite matchless as a wilderness hunter, often possessing the lone infallible light of the uneducated artist, he far surpasses us in his native endeavors. But the moment we try to make a tame Anglo-Saxon out of him, he fails. Our civilization is distinctly bad for him; so is our education. They may, in many cases, be bad for us also. I for one am glad that the Indian fails when he endeavors to take what we call a higher education; for his history teaches us the salutary lesson that the white man's ways and his ideas of success should not be used as a criterion for other races, or as a panacea for their ills; nor should their failure to react favorably to our nostrums be construed as a proof of their inferiority.

Ever since Emancipation, the Negro has been in the hands of politicians. He remains to this day their

victim, utterly incapable of doing anything about unfulfilled promises, or of dealing with their tricks. Lincoln was the first to see the political possibilities in him. "We must keep him," he wrote, "in the Family of Freedom" — meaning, of course, in the Republican Party. And for about seventy years the Negro, by all kinds of vague and misleading assurances, was persuaded to vote Republican, though the actual voting was at no time important. He naturally took it for granted that the party which freed him would do everything else for him; but nothing really happened. Nor was there any reason why it should happen.

To be frank, the North and the Republicans have never treated the Negro with the same degree of candid honesty as the South and the Democrats. The South made no promises and therefore broke none. While most Northern people do not to this day understand the Negro (and I doubt if any white man wholly fathoms him), political leaders of the Republican Party long ago discovered that he was easily duped, and that he could be duped with impunity.

Finding at last that the Democrats might do more for him than the other party, the Negroes threw the weight of their influence to Mr. Roosevelt, and have continued under his long administration to support the Democratic Party. The New Deal, in fact, was right down their alley; for example, the idea of being paid for crops they did not plant was like manna from heaven. One Negro is reported

to have said to a comrade that Mr. Roosevelt was a greater man than Christ; for Christ said, "Follow me and ye shall not want," while the President said, "Sit right there, boys, and I will bring it to you." The governmental spending program, its liberal and indiscriminate handouts, probably for both humanitarian and political purposes, quite captivated the Negro, whose ingenuous soul has always been baffled by the paradox that a free man has to work. The effects of charity are not always beneficent; for among the unthinking, both white and black, it often leads to the assumption that the millennium has arrived, and that from now on life is to be one long siesta.

III

With both sagacity and with kindness of heart, the South had, after long years of struggle against difficulties and interferences of which it is useless to complain, brought some order out of this racial chaos. It did so by establishing a caste system. In that system the white man was to govern. The Negro had a secure, if a secondary, place. In it he was happy. The business of running a government of any kind, whether state or national, is a tedious and onerous one; and the Negro has no yearning or aptitude for politics. Under the law the Negro in the South was fully protected; indeed, the wind was often wonderfully tempered. Until a short time ago, if a Negro got into a brush with the law, he invariably got

a white man to help him out. I personally have done a lot of this work myself; and there is now a certain judge in Charleston who, when he sees me coming, knows exactly what is up: I am there to try to get one of the Negroes of my plantation out of difficulty; and this is, or has been, the general practice throughout the South. As a matter of fact, below the Mason-Dixon Line there is a new type of slavery: in a very real sense, every good white man is owned by some Negro, for whom he is forever a lawyer, a doctor, a father-confessor, and a financial agent — especially the last.

Under this system there developed in the South a mutual understanding between the races, an interdependence, and often a downright loyalty and affection. These things seem to me to be worth more than any fantastic theory of so-called equality. The race question does not seem to me to be one of these mathematical problems that can be solved by formulas; it is a human question, and therefore exceedingly complex, and probably is best understood by those who have been with it a long time. The South believes that the growth of the two races should be vertical, not horizontal; and that what should be striven for by all is not equality, which often can be a very uncomfortable experiment for all concerned, but brotherhood. My father, who dealt with Negroes firsthand for more than seventy years, long ago said to me, in words which today have an especial pregnancy of thought and wisdom,

“Son, equality is not possible; but brotherhood always is.”

One reason why I put little stock in the present drive to establish what should not be, is the fact that the spirit with which it is being pushed is an intrusive, a hostile spirit; and I notice that many Negroes, because of what they are being told about their “rights,” are losing their manners. Whether in white or black, this is always an evidence of corruption of character. Insofar as pure manners are concerned, many of the most charming people I know are Negroes. But as they are being urged on by politicians, starry-eyed altruists, propagandists, and pressure groups to seize their rights, they lose that deference that is the hallmark of good breeding. For of what advantage would it be to the Negro thus to sell his birthright? The social equality claimed for him by some of his protagonists (though rarely, I believe, by the true Negro himself) should have, indeed, must have, as its cornerstone, that consideration of others, that sensitive kindness, that willingness to recognize the great principle of subordination without which there can never be any order in human society. Every man benefits himself by good manners, and disgraces himself by bad; and rude assertiveness is not the way up for any mortal.

While, as I have said, I have not observed in the Negro, as a race, any so-called advance, I do not hold it against him; and I am glad to honor him for the part he has played in the history

of our country. He has cut our wood and drawn our water; he has felled our forests and dug our canals. He has plowed our crops, raised our stock, and he alone has had the wisdom to put some sense into the heads of idiotic mules. He has borne the burden and heat of the day. There is hardly a family in the Deep South for whom he has not been a watchman at the couch of birth and at the bed of death. His songs and his sayings have passed into our language and our lives. He has not only toiled for us, but by his music, his mirth, his fealty, and his philosophic acceptance of life and of death, he has spiritually enriched us. All these things represent a vast debt, unpayable, of the white man to the black.

IV

Of what the true Negro may become, I know nothing. But assuredly he is more likely to develop admirably as a Negro than as a white man. This is the unalterable conviction of the South. And is it not reasonable to assume that the people of the South may be right in their view? For centuries, now, they have had to deal with Negroes, with millions of them, every day, in nearly all the relations of life. The North and the West have been judging the Negro by isolated, and usually by exceptional, examples, in most cases not pure-blooded. One thing I know: when the white man from the North comes to live in the South, his ideas about the Negro and

his attitude toward him undergo a radical change. He always comes to the viewpoint of the South. The truth of this assertion has lately been proved by abundant examples of Northern and Western soldiers who have been staying in the South. A colonel from Wisconsin not long ago said this to me:

"Before I came here, I was fully prepared to have to forgive the South for its cruel and inhuman treatment of the Negro. Well, I have nothing to forgive. After a few experiences in employing Negroes, I have come to the conviction that Southerners are the most patient, tolerant, long-suffering, and kindly people in all the world. I don't see how I could have been so wrong, but I was."

His general indictment of the Negro as a worker I do not share; for some of the very finest workmen I know are Negroes. But it is true that the race does not have that personal integrity and responsibility that one associates with the true worker. To accommodate a white man, a Negro will promise him almost anything. And that is why, if you expect a Negro at a certain time and place, as a rule he will arrange not to be there. Regular hours and precise appointments irk his soul. And who can blame him?

To me it appears that the one thing which the Negro cannot possibly afford to lose is the friendship, the understanding, and the co-operation of the people of the South. He may expect these things in the North to a greater degree, but he will not find

them. Without the old tie of affection and trust, the Negro can never be happy in the South, never at ease, never prosperous. Southerners have always been and could always be his surest and most disinterested counselors and advisers. He must not let them go. Fearing dreadfully that he may (and fearing for him, not myself), I feel like asking, "*Frater Niger, Quo Vadis?*"

There has been so much foggy talk about democracy that we appear completely to have forgotten that this country is a republic; and if a democracy, a very limited one. Nor would it hurt us to recall Bismarck's saying, "Democracy is government by the kindergarten"; and those wise words of Edmund Burke, surely as great a

friend of America, and surely as great a people's champion as ever lived: "Pure democracy would be a wicked and criminal thing."

To one who has the true Negro's welfare deeply at heart, who has no axe to grind, who has long loved and respected him, it is exceedingly painful for me to see him misled by sly politicians and by either designing or ignorant agitators; by misguided altruists, often in high places, who are always dangerous tamperers; by the incendiary press of his own race. I say it is pitiful to see this man, who is a friend I love and admire, who has in him so many fine human qualities, now being excitedly taught

To follow sorry phantoms to and fro,
And let a kingdom go.

B. MORE RACE RIOTS ARE COMING

By GEORGE S. SCHUYLER

WILL race riots follow World War II as they did World War I? Despite much whistling in the dark, the problem of race relations in the United States is rapidly approaching the boiling point, and it is clear that once the compulsory unity and grudging concessions of wartime end, the Negroes will be exceedingly reluctant to go back to the "good old days."

The recent wildcat strike of white transit workers in Philadelphia over the upgrading of eight colored employes is a straw in the wind, while the tragic disturbances in such war centers as New York, Detroit, Mobile and Beaumont lend support to pessimistic speculations about the future, as do less-publicized occurrences.

Both colored and white leaders are

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apprehensive. Not long ago United States Attorney-General Biddle went so far as to suggest a curb on Negro migration to wartime industrial centers because of possible clashes over inadequate housing facilities. During the last four years various organizations have attempted to foster inter-racial tolerance in an effort to prevent disturbances both during and after the war; and a tremendous amount of educational material in the form of pamphlets, posters, newspaper and magazine articles, films and books, has been widely distributed. These efforts have undoubtedly had considerable good effect, but not nearly enough.

There remains a fearful residue of racial prejudice and resentment on both sides which may flare up at any time in any part of the country. While color discrimination has somewhat lessened in industry, transportation and education during wartime, there has been no fundamental change in the treatment accorded colored Americans. Segregation, by and large, is still the national policy, and as long as it continues there can be no lasting solution to the color problem. It is clear that this policy sets up two nations and stimulates suspicion, fear, antagonism and injustice where amity and co-operation might prevail. Ultimately, one fears, this policy must end in civil war.

On the one hand, the white nation desires to perpetuate the bi-racial pattern which it apparently believes to be advantageous politically, econom-

ically, psychologically and biologically. This philosophy satisfies the white man's ego. It is flattering to some persons to feel that they are "better" than others. They like to believe that by the accident of birth they are automatically lifted a notch above all colored people and placed on a par with all other whites. The efforts of a small civilized minority to re-condition the white public mind away from this illusion seem puny and feeble against the mis-education of three centuries, — one of the longest periods of deliberate racial indoctrination on record.

On the other hand, the Negro nation fiercely resents the inequality forced upon it — and the strength of its resentment is increasing. The American Negroes are a militant, belligerent, alert, resourceful and ambitious group that has been hammered by adversity, ridicule, exploitation and injustice into a remarkable unity as to ultimate objectives. This is not a new state of mind. Contrary to the fictions upon which white America has been fed about Negro docility and indifference to injustices, the colored people throughout their long history in this country have been consistently rebellious to an extent which has materially affected American history. Prior to Emancipation they organized hundreds of conspiracies and insurrections which sometimes developed into serious uprisings requiring large numbers of troops to put down.

Knowing that they have been in America longer than the majority of

white folks, that they have contributed their full share to the community welfare, and that they have fought for the country in every one of its wars, they are embittered by the continued failure of the white nation to show its gratitude by lifting the color bar. Negroes know that nearly every gain they have made in the direction of genuine equality has been forced from a reluctant majority. There are, indeed, few instances where state or Federal administrations have, of their own free will, extended favors to Negroes in a brotherly, democratic gesture.

II

Today there is no difference in mood between Negroes in Birmingham and Negroes in Boston. They all want equal rights and duties with whites, and they say so publicly. Negro leaders have always agreed on these objectives, however they may have quarrelled as to methods of achievement. As one colored leader once remarked in commenting on the fact that his associates were divided politically between the two major parties, "We are on opposite sides of the street, but we are carrying a net!" No Negro leader today can maintain his leadership unless he subscribes to this article of faith. Since what the Negroes want accords with the principles set down in the Declaration of Independence and the Federal Constitution, they properly feel that right is on their side and they have fought and will

continue to fight for it with a fervency approaching religious zeal. They are impatient with any concession, offering less than full social, political and economic equality, because even the most unlettered Negro knows that nothing less will lift him to full manhood status.

To this end the powerful Negro press with its two million weekly readers, the Negro church with its seven million members, the big fraternities and secret orders, and the thousands of physicians, labor leaders, public officials, lawyers and technicians all speak as with one voice. No Negro leader dares to tell his people that they should compromise with their just demands.

The educated Negroes have always been aware of world currents especially as they relate to colored people, and the average colored person is more internationally-minded than his white neighbor. He knows a great deal about what is being done to colored people elsewhere in the world and is aware of all the devices used to "keep the Negro in his place" here and abroad. That is one of the functions of his 210 newspapers which have done so much to mould him into a powerful group. When we reflect that there are very few Negro illiterates today and that over 4,000 colored youths are graduated from college each year, it is clear that the determination of this group is not to be taken lightly.

The bearing of these facts on the question of postwar racial relations

is obvious: the demands of the Negro nation will not be stopped without conflict. As white supremacy seems to have become the religion of white America, so has social, political and economic equality become the religion of colored America. Those in the white nation who wander away from the herd viewpoints are dubbed "nigger lovers" and, similarly, non-conformists in the Negro nation are dubbed "white folks' niggers." There is less and less middle ground, despite the valiant efforts of the liberals. The Negroes demand to live and travel where they choose, seek work where it is available, enjoy the same educational and recreational facilities. White people regard it as their right to have exclusive racial neighborhoods, lily-white educational and recreational facilities, and special privileges industrially. How can these deep-seated conflicting ambitions be resolved without strife?

It is significant that the most popular slogan in colored America during the war has not been "Remember Pearl Harbor," but "Victory for Democracy at Home and Abroad." Double V Clubs have been formed all over the country and the printed slogan appears in windows and on walls wherever Negroes live. This battle for victory at home has taken the form of fighting in every way for those citizenship rights which the humblest white citizen enjoys. It has meant a concerted drive against all forms of discrimination in civil and military life. The powerful Negro

press has headlined every case of the mistreatment of uniformed Negro youth in and around training camps and in every theater of war.

Membership in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has jumped from 100,000 to 500,000 since Pearl Harbor. The timid, do-nothing-that-may-cause-trouble policy of the New Deal caused a decided shift from the Democratic to the Republican ranks in the 1942 Congressional elections. This Negro militancy, and nothing else, forced President Roosevelt to issue his famous Executive Order 8802, outlawing discrimination against Negroes in war industries. It is also responsible for greater consideration given Negroes in war housing, and the recent issuance of a War Department order ending color discrimination in all army camps and on buses transporting Negro and white soldiers to and from camps.

III

Suppose that with the end of the war white demagogues and timorous or complacent public officials combine to take back some of the new privileges gained by Negroes during the war. Suppose white mobs, resenting these few Negro gains, decide to take the law into their own hands. Is there any doubt whatever that the resulting conflict will make the wartime riots look tame? After the last war, the white group was successful in forcing Negroes out of the jobs gained during

the war and confining them to segregated residential areas by restrictive legislation. Discrimination in public conveyances and places again became the rule from coast to coast. Will the same attempt be made this time? If so, the results most certainly will be tragic, because the Negro's mood is far more belligerent than it was in 1919 and 1920.

What can be done to avert postwar racial conflict? In the first place, Congress can enact pending legislation for a permanent fair-employment-practices act to penalize all firms engaged in production for interstate trade that discriminate against Negroes in employment. To the Negroes, economic equality is more to be desired than anything else — more so even than the vote and residential non-segregation. Such a law, assuring equal pay for equal work and the same opportunities now enjoyed by other citizens, would have a profoundly salutary effect on race relations. Negroes have fought hard for such a law, and its passage and enforcement would allay much of the bitterness and resentment now existent among them.

In the second place, the Federal government could make a frontal attack on residential segregation by simple administrative action with regard to government-financed housing, forbidding color discrimination in its housing projects and on property on which it grants loans. Since much of the postwar housing will be Federally financed, such a regulation would tend to break up ghettos, doing away

with physical separation between the two so-called races and fostering that friendly, democratic association which is the best antidote for race prejudice.

In the third place, the administration at Washington by an order from the Commander-in-Chief could abolish segregated units in the armed forces. Undoubtedly there will be a system of universal military service in the United States after the war with yearly classes of hundreds of thousands of young men called to the colors. The close association of youngsters of all colors during the period of service would go far toward building inter-racial amity. If the Canadians, Brazilians and French can have mixed racial units in their armies and navies, there is no reason why the United States cannot do so with equal success.

The policy of no segregation may at first cause considerable tenseness and some friction, but if the administration at Washington takes a firm position and punishes the few who cause trouble, the policy will soon be generally accepted. Experience has shown that wherever the authorities enforce the laws and regulations against color discrimination, it soon vanishes. In this connection the experience of the Post Office Department is illuminating.

The feeling of separateness between the colored and white people which has been responsible for the development of two nations, can never be ended without that understanding which can come only through free, friendly and close association. The

longer segregation in work, housing, the military and naval services, and public places continues, the farther apart are the two races going to drift. The belief that the Negroes will forever tolerate denial of full citizenship rights and privileges is a dangerous illusion which may soon be tragically dissipated. It is certain that they will not stand being pushed backward, and the attempt to do so after the war will cause widespread conflict with world repercussions.

The United States has assumed world leadership on the basis of democracy and freedom, and every colored nation judges the sincerity of our professions by the manner in which we handle our racial problem at home. Our past and present racial policy is well known by the more than a billion and a quarter colored peoples of the earth, more than half the population of the whole world, and our preachments will continue to arouse only cynical laughter so long as this racial policy is continued. Worse, it cultivates fear and apprehension because of our growing influence in world affairs. Colored folk have seen that wherever we go we insist on carrying our racial policy with us. They rightly argue that if we treat our own colored people the way we do, with Jim Crow recreation areas, Jim Crow USO houses and Jim Crow Red Cross establishments, we shall treat other colored peoples similarly.

The chief argument raised against lifting the color bar in work, housing,

education and recreation, is that it will bring about associations which will lead to intermarriage — a belief, incidentally, which belies the contention that the aversion between the two races is so great that no fundamental change in our traditional policy can be made. If such aversion exists, why has it been deemed necessary for twenty-nine states to legislate against intermarriage?

White people discuss this question far more than do Negroes, because the latter regard it as of little importance. When Negroes talk of social equality, they mean equal rights and privileges in American society with special emphasis on the right to work, live, educate their children and enjoy themselves so long as they obey the law. They regard marriage as a private affair. It is certainly a travesty on democracy to say that marriage should be based on a vicious and untenable racial theory. If we inaugurate fair employment practices, abolish residential segregation, end educational Jim Crowism and enfranchise everybody, and, as a result, some white people prefer to marry Negroes — then it is wholly their own business.

If white America is ready to extend complete democratic rights to colored people, there will be no race riots, no racial tension, and soon no race prejudice on either side. But we can be sure that any movement "back to normalcy" in race relations will be bitterly resisted by colored people. It is now up to white America to make its choice, and the time is growing short.

THE THEATRE

BY GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

New York Versus America

IT is a favorite outcry of non-New Yorkers that New York does not theatrically represent the nation, that its taste is not necessarily that of the rest of the nation and that, inferentially, the taste of the rest of the nation is immeasurably superior, indeed so closely identified with the dramatic classics that the occasional view of a Broadway company performing some low commercial item like, say, *Boy Meets Girl* is enough to induce a comprehensive nausea, accompanied by fainting spells. So definitive is the mortification, that even some New Yorkers have themselves come to believe it and have lent their sympathetic voices to a plea for a national theatre which might truly represent the country and thus relegate Broadway to its proper place, somewhere down the end of the line near the sewer.

It is a pert notion and one to fascinate the attention, like a flea circus. But though, like a flea circus, it has its diverting points, it further, like a flea circus, doesn't make much sense.

The theatrical taste of the nation outside of New York, if statistics count for anything, must be put down as a fond hope rather than as a handsomely embossed fact. As a matter of

record, it has proved itself on the whole to be nowhere near the level of metropolitan taste, and in general by any standard of criticism and more especially by even box-office standards, often deplorable.

Boston, the *quondam alias* Athens of America, has at one time, as everyone knows, banned a showing of *Strange Interlude*, one of America's foremost dramatist's finest plays, while allowing then, and still, the free display of such locally acceptable and apparently highly esteemed exhibits as the Old Howard burlesque shows. Chicago has turned thumbs down on any number of superior plays, while hugging to its bosom such trash as *Good Night, Ladies*, which ran there for one hundred weeks, and such filth as *Maid In The Ozarks*, which ran for an entire theatrical year. Both of these pearls, incidentally, were products of the West Coast, which also has given birth to such others as *Cry Havoc*, *Slightly Married*, *Slightly Scandalous*, — *But Not Goodbye*, *That Old Devil* and the like, all rubbish and all denounced by the New York taste as worthless.

Cleveland is so remiss in taste that in the last half dozen years not more than four or five of all the reputable

plays sent there after success in New York have attracted sufficient audiences to pay expenses. In Baltimore a song and dance show takes precedence in the local gust over critically meritorious drama, save occasionally when the presenting company contains one of the more prehensile star actors or actresses. And time was, not long ago, when the municipality didn't have in operation so much as a single legitimate theatre. A distinguished play like *Shadow and Substance* could attract no attention at all in Pittsburgh, just as one like *The Time of Your Life*, which subsequently was awarded all the prizes that New York had to offer, played to empty seats in Boston.

Philadelphia has cold-shouldered at least half of the best plays from *Rain* on which have been tried out there in the last twenty-five years. It has also spelled failure for any number of worthy plays which have been shown after successful runs in New York. It reserves its greatest enthusiasm for risqué musical shows. Milwaukee, although a subscription city on the Theatre Guild-American Theatre Society list, has periodically remained away from the plays sent out under the combined imprimatur to such a degree that the engagements have shown a loss. And Detroit, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Rochester and other such towns have indicated themselves most often to be indifferent to reputable drama on tour except in cases where some star like Helen Hayes or Katharine Cornell happens to be included

in the cast. Only Washington has disclosed a measure of hospitality to the better drama.

Los Angeles frowned so grimly upon O'Neill's *Desire Under The Elms* that it had to be withdrawn, yet the rubble called *The Drunkard* is now in its twelfth prosperous year there and the smut called *Two In A Bed* ran for all of twenty-one months. And Chicago, to return to that subject, has constituted plays like *My Dear Children*, subsequently dismissed by New York as claptrap, overwhelming successes, whereas it has declined to have anything to do with something like the Maurice Evans-Helen Hayes presentation of *Twelfth Night*.

II

I have sat in theatres in Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Boston and other large cities and have sat practically alone at such plays as O'Neill's *The Great God Brown*, George Birmingham's *General John Regan*, Alfred Savoir's *He*, Rose Franken's *Outrageous Fortune*, and William Saroyan's *Love's Old Sweet Song*. I have sat in theatres in towns like Cleveland, Detroit, Rochester and Columbus, also practically alone, at Critics' Circle and Pulitzer prize plays and have listened to my handful of neighbors discuss the latest Bing Crosby movie throughout half their courses. And I have, in these and other theoretically great centers of dramatic culture, sat in packed houses with the citizenry obviously enchanted by shabby road presentations of *Blos-*

som Time, such absurdly bad presentations of Gilbert and Sullivan as have been 'offered by the troupe under the direction of R. H. Burnside, and hand-me-down shows with casts headed by film actors and actresses temporarily out of jobs in Hollywood.

III

What all this is leading up to is certainly no Grand Transformation scene, of dazzling tinsel and beautifully colored lights all compact, with New York swung aloft like an immaculate angel on golden wires. For New York, though in every sense it remains the theatrical capital of America and though, when it comes to a question of taste, it ranks at its best 'way ahead of the rest of the country, is nevertheless in these later years nothing for even the chauvinistic critic to overbrag about. Surely a city that last season applauded into big success a variety of such inferior plays as *The Two Mrs. Carrolls*, *Over 21*, *Lovers and Friends*, *The Searching Wind* and *Ramshackle Inn* is not one to be decorated with championship ribbons. Surely a city that cheered the deficient Robeson *Othello* into a record-breaking run and guaranteed a long engagement for one of the poorest displays of *The Cherry Orchard* imaginable has small right grandly to lord it over the taste of other cities. And certainly a city that has sneered into limbo plays of imagination and delicacy like *A Highland Fling*, *The Beautiful People*, *My Heart's In The Highlands* and

many another such isn't one to call upon the accountant to hand it roses.

New York, in short, for all its relative and very considerable virtues has its faults of taste along with the other American communities. For what is one to say of a city that privileges a tawdry burlesque show like *Wine, Women and Song* a run of 150 performances against 123 for Chekhov's *The Three Sisters*, even with a cast headed by such favorites as Katharine Cornell and Judith Anderson; that pays for a whole season's run of an obstetrical farce like *Three's A Family* and sends something like *The Innocent Voyage* to the storehouse after a few weeks; and that over the years has, through its custom, established record engagements for exhibits like *Abie's Irish Rose*, *Hellzapoppin'*, *White Cargo*, *Seventh Heaven*, *Peg o' My Heart*, *East Is West*, *Separate Rooms*, *Brother Rat*, and similar *objets d'art*?

But that is not the point. The point is one of comparative values. And when it comes to comparative values New York still stands as the most liberal, the most hospitable and the most endorsable theatrical quarter on the native map, and its taste, all things duly considered and weighed, as, in the aggregate, the best on that map.

No other city, so far as investigation discloses, has in the last twenty years or more corrected New York when New York has now and again ignorantly dismissed a play of quality. No other city, proportionate to its population, has so fully endorsed esti-

able plays. And no other city, for all New York's occasional deplorable coldness, has encouraged creditable new, young playwrights so often.

IV

The idea, dispensed by various profound thinkers in the hinterland and by their counterparts in New York, that the New York theatre is a purely commercial one and that both in other years and in these it has been and is hostile to any and all experiment, does not meet the facts.

It has been this allegedly commercial theatre that has provided the means for experiment in the last forty-odd years to a striking variety of drama ranging all the distance from Moody's *The Great Divide* to Wilder's *The Skin of Our Teeth*. It has been this allegedly commercial theatre that has ventured such productions as the modern dress *Hamlet*, the early experimental William Butler Yeats, the first so-called streamlined Shakespeare (forty years ago), the first attempt at real American comic opera, the first local multiple stage drama, the earliest Shaw as well as the earliest revolutionary plays of many other Europeans, the daring verse drama of Stephen Phillips, and recent plays like *Our Town* and *The Time Of Your Life*.

The list might be prolonged to the point of reader impatience. It would include innumerable items like *Peter Pan*, which was received so frigidly upon its tryout in Washington, D. C., that only the determination of Charles

Frohman saved it for the "commercial" New York stage, the first farcical treatments of venerated American institutions, the musical satire, *Of Thee I Sing*, the Chinese paraphrase, *The Yellow Jacket*, *Carmen Jones*, *Peer Gynt*, *Chicago* (which had been condemned in an advance reading of the script as too risky by a Yale University dramatic solon), and the dramatic treatise on yellow fever called *Yellow Jack*. To say nothing of *Lady Precious Stream*, the played-backwards *On Trial*, the first drama of Robert Browning, the sixteenth century Japanese play, *The Flower of Yamato*, T. S. Eliot's *Murder In The Cathedral*, and the first miniature cast play.

And further to say nothing of *The Insect Comedy*, *The Green Pastures*, O'Neill's first full-length play, *Beyond The Horizon*, O'Neill's five-hour *Strange Interlude*, the dramaturgically inventive *Seven Keys To Baldpate*, the emancipated *What Price Glory?*, the poetic melodrama, *Winterset*, the classic Greek paraphrase, *Daughters of Atreus*, the first combination of drama and motion pictures, the first comedy in the Restoration tradition, the first identification of an audience with the stage action, the first employment of a sound track in conjunction with drama, the first dramatization of lights and colors, the first American one-character play, the first American play to treat of animals in terms of human beings, the first sternly realistic Catholic play, the first truthful play about the newspaper business and the first realistic play about fashionable

American society (all three in part the contribution of Joseph Medill Patterson, presently publisher of the New York *Daily News*), the burlesque show, the minstrel show, the cartoon show, and the form of girl show later copied by the European theatre.

Passing from the New York professional theatre to the New York group and guild theatres, it was the latter and not similar groups and guilds in other cities that provided the American stage with the first native Expressionist play, the first American poetic modern chronicle, the first American historical travesty, the first authentic

American one-act plays, the first American attempt at real psychological drama, the first modern treatment of seventeenth century farce, the first experiments with the imported Impressionist drama, the first reputable American folk drama, the first ditto American Negro drama, the first driving American Labor drama, the first realistic American poetic tragedy, and the first American Cubist play.

So, again all things considered, if we are going to have a national theatre it might be well to build it right on Broadway, or on one of the streets just off Broadway.



SHY GIRL

BY ETHEL BARNETT DE VITO

BEAUTY in her is quiet and does not try
 To snare the spirit nor invade the eye.
 Beauty in her is hesitant to show,
 But any that look sharp will guess, will know
 What radiant sunrise first love will advance
 Over that dawn-pale earnestness of glance;
 What brilliant-colored wings will one day be
 Sweeping this earth-bound butterfly-to-be
 That sighs at its bold yearnings toward the sky
 Nor dreams that it will be a butterfly —

THE RANCH THAT CHANGED THE WEST

By LEWIS NORDYKE

IN July 1885, a syndicate of Chicago merchants and British investors started operation of the 3,000,000-acre XIT Ranch in the then wild and woolly Panhandle of Texas. That invasion by big business set off a showdown struggle between old and new in the West. Until then the cowman had used the vast public domain as if it were his own, driving his herd wherever there was grass and a water hole. He could ride at will from the Rio Grande to Canada. It was the era of the open range.

The syndicate moved in with hard-boiled business methods and rules against nearly every time-honored custom of the cow country, and the fight was on. For more than a quarter of a century, rebellious men besieged the empire. They wrecked fences, stole cattle and blackened the range with prairie fires. The XIT fought back and stuck to its new ideas and methods; it was forced virtually to the status of an independent state, with its own laws and armed guards who could kill a man and answer only to the Ranch management.

Other range wars usually resulted from flare-ups between communities, ranches or individuals. This one involved a way of life. There was no reflection on the honesty and fairness of the XIT syndicate; it was the invasion of the open range that wasn't liked. It is not a thing of ancient history. As late as 1910, the Ranch had 100,000 cattle, and bold rustlers rode in to steal them. Many a man who worked for the syndicate, or fought it, still punches cattle for a living.

For years I've gone to Dalhart, Texas, each August for the annual reunion of XIT cowboys. They gang up in the DeSota Hotel lobby and tell their tales. From under sage-colored tufts of eyebrows there still gleams the rebellion of the range, and from their stories have come the colorful facts of the fabulous XIT and the bad days out West.

In the middle 1870's Texas offered 3,000,000 acres in the Panhandle to anyone who would build the state a specified capitol at Austin. John and Charles Farwell, who had amassed a

LEWIS NORDYKE is a Texan who was reared in the ranching country. After graduation from the University of Missouri, he worked for the Associated Press and became associate editor of the Country Gentleman, which he left recently to be political editor of the Amarillo, Texas, Globe-News.

fortune as wholesale merchants in Chicago, signed a contract without even seeing the land. They went to England and found British investors anxious to get their fingers in the land and cattle pie. A \$15,000,000 syndicate was quickly formed, with the British lending much of the money and the Farwells retaining control of operations. Not one of the men had experience in ranching or knew the customs of the West.

Long before completion of the \$3,000,000 state house, which still serves Texas, the XIT syndicate moved in with barbed wire, bookkeeping and rigid rules that rubbed the hair of Texans the wrong way. Card playing, gambling and drinking were prohibited. One rule banned unescorted visitors. Another provided that travelers must pay for any grain fed their horses; that stung deeply, for in the West no stranger was turned away without shelter and food for himself and his horses. The rule which prohibited the carrying of firearms was regarded only contemptuously, for the sixshooter, with its reassuring weight on the hip, had always been the first essential of a cowboy's equipment. Men on the XIT were required to sign payrolls, fill out reports on work, keep inventories of equipment; they were supposed to go to church on Sunday when the Ranch didn't have anything for them to do. Never had cowboys been under rules; they were accustomed to verbal agreements, and by nature they resented fixed regulations. They struck matches

on "no smoking" signs. The story is told of one old puncher who, reading the list of regulations for the first time, moved his finger down the paper and grumbled: "Wal, I reckon it ain't against the law to spit." He shot a stream of tobacco juice that splattered all over the printed page.

In a single stroke the syndicate had wiped out the code of the old West and prescribed a new order. It couldn't have picked a more untamed spot for its experiment. The XIT was a thirty-mile strip that stretched 250 miles north and south along the western edge of the Texas Panhandle—almost half way from Oklahoma to El Paso. Only the state line was between it and wide-open, unsettled New Mexico. The northern end of the Ranch butted against the Oklahoma Panhandle, then not even within the jurisdiction of the territorial district court. It was a handy hide-out and a good place to start prairie fires that would sweep the XIT range. There wasn't a railroad within 150 miles.

II

The syndicate's idea was to develop a ranch on the strict business principles that had made corporations pay. Before the XIT had a cow or brand, Manager Barbecue Campbell, one-time Indian Territory rancher, established headquarters at an old buffalo hunter's camp not far from the Oklahoma strip. Trains of heavy freight wagons rolled over the plains

day and night, hauling in wire, lumber, equipment, food — everything needed for a ranch big enough to be a nation.

Campbell contracted for cattle, and more than 20,000 longhorns plodded to the new range by that first autumn of 1885. Ab Blocker, the most noted of cattle trail drivers, delivered the first herd. He designed the XIT brand, and Campbell invited him to mark the first cattle. Blocker worked in the usual way; he yanked down cows with his lariat and burned in the brand with a sizzling hot iron. Campbell cursed. The method was too rough for syndicate cattle. He decided to build narrow chutes, force the cattle through singly and brand them standing up.

Campbell tried to hire Blocker and buy his equipment. "Hell, no!" snarled Blocker. "I wouldn't work for any damned outfit that don't know how to brand cows. I'm leaving."

Campbell did entice a few of Blocker's men to take jobs, pointing out that the XIT was to be the biggest thing in the West, with unlimited opportunities. Every time a trail outfit arrived with cattle, the XIT manager bargained for its horses, saddles, wagons, cooking utensils and other equipment, and tried to hire the men. This didn't create the kindest of feelings among other ranchers and cowboys, but with its raw range stretching across ten counties, XIT needed unlimited equipment and manpower.

Because of its vastness and new methods, XIT couldn't be operated like an ordinary ranch. The north end had a harsher climate than the south end, and there was a difference of 2000 feet in the elevation. So the Ranch was separated into seven divisions, each with headquarters and a manager responsible to the general manager. Many years afterward it was discovered that the surveyors had given the XIT 50,000 acres too much; it hadn't been noticed. Cowboys who worked on different parts of the Ranch for as long as five years never saw each other until they got acquainted at the Dalhart reunion where they cussed in retrospect the unromantic labor on the XIT.

Windmilling was an entirely new job and an irksome one. Many a cowboy who thought he would be riding horses after cattle, found himself in crews of men that did nothing except repair the hundreds of windmills that dotted the vast range. He climbed towers and pulled sucker rod and pipe every day. And when he wasn't busy fixing windmills he dug surface tanks and dammed creeks and gullies to store water. The XIT was the first cattle empire to develop a complete water system. Nearly a million dollars was invested in facilities for watering stock.

"Before the syndicate came in," one cowboy remarked to me, "we sort of counted on the Lord to supply the water holes. The syndicate did everything its own way without asking the Lord or anybody else."

Nor did the carefree cowboy of the open range like the barbed wire that hemmed him in. Indeed, on the XIT he had to help string up the cursed stuff. Barbed wire was only ten years old, and no one was certain it had come to stay, but custom meant nothing to the syndicate. Its big range required 700 miles of outside fence, one string of which stretched 150 miles without a jog. With the cross fencing, there were more than 2000 miles of four-wire fence.

Each division had its fence crews, the most hated job on the Ranch. Month after month they rode the endless stretches of barbed wire in jostling wagons loaded with tools and supplies. There were few Saturdays in town for them. An old puncher said, "I know some of the boys who later came back and wrecked the fences they repaired because they hated barbed wire like poison."

III

With nearly all its cattle behind barbed wire, the Ranch junked the oldest and most revered custom of the cow country — the branding of strays and dogies by individuals. The roundup was the big event in the West. For months cattle of all outfits grazed together, their brand the only mark of ownership. At the roundup each outfit cut out the cattle bearing its brand. A calf following a branded mother belonged to the owner of the cow's brand; the nuzzling of a calf for a meal was proof of ownership.

In all the big herds there were strays. They were unbranded and ownership was doubtful. The same was true of dogies — calves whose mothers' had died. Ever since the cattle business had started in Texas, the strays and dogies had been about the same as free-for-all stock. Cowboys registered their own brands with proper officials — usually the nearest county clerk — and burned them on strays and dogies. Within a short time many a cowboy had his own growing herd.

As one old XIT puncher summed it up: "It was pretty shrewd business to get your rope on a few strays and dogies. Many an old boy was successful at accidentally getting his brand on cattle that didn't belong to him. When he got a big herd he joined the cattlemen's association and started looking for rustlers to hang with the rope he'd used in getting his start."

The XIT considered the branding of strays or dogies outright stealing. It banned the practice on its own range and patrolled the roundups to make certain that no XIT stray fell into the hands of ambitious men with hot branding irons. "From then on," an old puncher said, "many a man considered it more of a crusade than a crime to steal from the syndicate."

One night a cowboy rode away from a group of men outside the western edge of the XIT. He smashed down the fence and rode a few miles into the range. There he dropped a match. Flames crackled in the thick grass, and within a few moments the range

was aflame. The men the cowboy had left saw the sky light up. It was their prearranged signal. They rode into the XIT and leisurely drove away three dozen yearlings. They had plenty of time; all XIT hands in the vicinity had rushed madly to fight the fire.

The worst siege of cattle rustling ever known in the West broke out. Every night along the hundreds of miles of the empire's borders, men rode in and drove out cattle; herds of as many as 100 head were taken. Men holding jobs on the Ranch often aided the thieves. Outlaws took up headquarters on the syndicate range.

Within two years after XIT started operation, it was known as the hell-hole of the West, infested with outlaws, horse thieves and rustlers, many of them drawing pay from the Ranch. There was very little organized law in the region of the big range. Only a few of the ten counties in which it was located were organized. Some parts of the Ranch were at least 100 miles from a sheriff.

XIT directors in Chicago, alarmed over the threatened loss of millions of dollars, had to fight or retreat. They chose to fight.

Barbecue Campbell quit as manager. His successor was A. G. Boyce, who had won fame as a fighter with Terry's Rangers in the Civil War. He had trailed cattle from Texas to California as early as 1869, had seen plenty of cow country trouble, and frankly expected more.

A dozen gunmen sent Boyce word that they had bullets with his name

on them. Two of them rode up to the manager's quarters. The robust, bewhiskered old ranger walked out and snarled, "All right, start shooting! But you know which one I'll kill first!" Their hands stopped just short of their sixshooters. Boyce roared, "Get going! And don't look back!" They didn't look back.

Boyce reorganized the XIT. His word became law on the biggest range in the world. He fired nearly every man and foreman, giving each only a few hours to get off the Ranch. This action quickly removed the outlaws and rustlers from the XIT payroll, but it also increased the sworn enemies of the syndicate. Many of the men caught in the shakeup had never stolen a cow, yet their discharge practically branded them as rustlers. That didn't cement friendship.

Bold rustlers smashed fences, drove off XIT cattle by the hundreds. They branded XIT strays and even changed the famous brand on XIT cattle. This was called "brand running." With his hot iron, the thief simply worked over the design of the brand on a cow and converted it into his own registered mark. Running iron artistry was a paying proposition.

When Ab Blocker designed the XIT brand — five applications of a bar of hot iron — he boasted that it could not be changed once it had been burned into the hide. Forty-three years later he told of a man who was tried in court on charges of changing the XIT on cattle to a five-pointed star with a cross in the center. Jurors

attempted to make the change on paper. Failing, they acquitted the man; then he called them around him and demonstrated how he had made the change.

IV

Boyce fought the raiders almost single-handed from 1887 until 1895. By then the fires and depredations had grown so bad that XIT cattle had to be moved from the western part of the Ranch. Grass on the usable parts was inadequate, and hundreds of cattle starved to death on the blackened range.

Boyce sent for Ira Aten, who had won fame as a Texas Ranger and sheriff, asking him to take over the constantly raided western portion. Aten investigated, then doubled his life insurance. As assistants he hired two of the boldest, straightest-shooting Texas Rangers, Wood Saunders and Ed Connell.

Aten organized his men into an armed patrol. Day and night they rode the New Mexico border of the Ranch. The raiders kept coming. Guards were ordered to shoot first and investigate later. It wasn't safe for a man to ride in the vicinity of the New Mexico line. One day two guards saw a fresh cowhide with the XIT brand on the west fence. Attached to it was a scribbled note saying: "We're camped over in the canyon. Come over and eat some fresh XIT beef — if you feel lucky."

One man widely known for out-

lawry stayed at an XIT range camp nearly all one winter and cooked for the workmen. Whenever Aten approached, the visitor slipped away. The next spring a friend stopped at the visitor's place in New Mexico and remarked about the quality of his cattle. "They ought to be good," said the erstwhile camp cook. "I had about 20,000 head to pick from."

Aten was probably the most hunted and dreaded man in the West. It was common to hear men swear to kill him. He never rode the same trail twice, and no foreman knew when he might appear. For many months the big Ranch was practically under siege.

Aten stuck to the job for ten years. Towns sprang up and railroads crossed the Ranch. Other ranches had fenced and had adopted modern methods much like those of the XIT. But raiding of the syndicate herds didn't stop.

In 1908, John Armstrong, who had succeeded Aten, was shot to death in the little town of Bovina while investigating cattle rustling. As long as the syndicate owned a cow the raiders besieged it. Old timers say that the night before the XIT sold its last bunch of cattle, in November 1912, rustlers raided the Ranch and drove off several head.

Throughout the long war the XIT stuck steadfastly to its progressive methods. It built up its herd to 150,000 cattle, the largest number ever owned by one ranch. Early in its operations the syndicate started im-

proving cattle. It used blooded Hereford, Durham and Angus bulls and selected high-quality heifers. The Ranch was the first to introduce the Angus to Western ranges; at one time it shipped in 2000 purebred Angus bulls. The XIT bred the mossy-headed longhorn off its range and doomed the storied beast all over the West. Old cowboys can't restrain tears when talking of the passing of the longhorn, but those still in the cattle business wouldn't waste a bite of feed on that historic producer of tough beef.

The XIT syndicate developed an assembly-line method of producing beef. Some pastures in the milder climate were used exclusively for breeding. Calves were moved progressively northward into grazing pastures. Steers developed on the Texas range were driven more than 1200 miles to Montana; from the finishing pastures there they were shipped to market as prime beef. XIT's last herd was driven up the Montana trail at the turn of the century.

With its well-watered, cross-fenced pastures, the Ranch reserved grass for winter grazing. Its policy against overstocking was one of the first efforts at range conservation in this country. As early as 1898 it quit using the brand it had made famous, because it damaged such a large area of the hide. The leather industry is still advocating the elimination of burned brands. Under Boyce and Aten the Ranch

developed a system of prairie-fire guards — a series of furrows with the grass burned between them — which later was adopted by settlers. The Ranch led in the extermination of the West's most vicious predator — the lobo. It trained wolf hunters to kill off the beast, and other ranchers joined in the program.

But the fight against the XIT was too much. Constant raids, and the measures the Ranch had to take in opposing them, made the big syndicate unable profitably to stand other setbacks — such as depressed prices and drought. And the settlers were coming in.

So the biggest of all cattle empires, the Ranch that had bridged the gap between the open range and the era of the settler, sold its livestock and equipment and put its land on the market. It is still liquidating some 175,000 acres of the original 3,000,000 it owned.

The men who fought the syndicate actually whipped it. But they awakened one day and found that the things they had resisted in fighting the XIT had enveloped them from all sides. Nearly every ranch in the West had developed the methods the syndicate had fought for from the start. The old West of the open range existed only in story and song and in the memories of grizzled punchers, such as those who tell their tales at the Dalhart reunion.

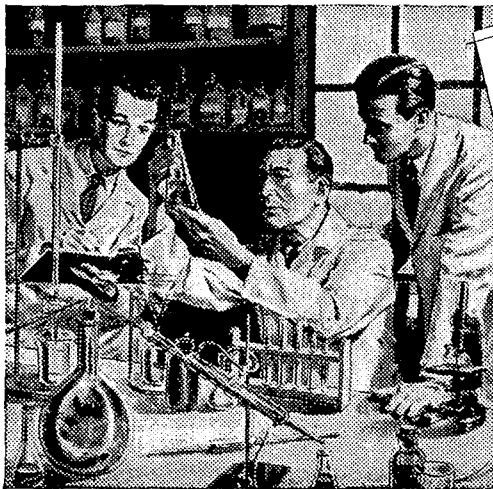
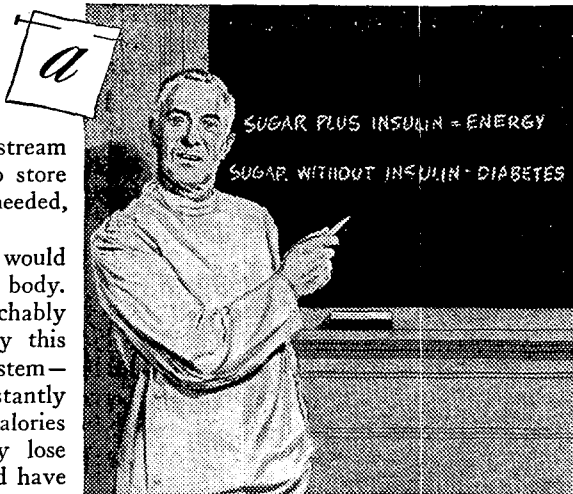


The *a b c*

What diabetes is. Certain cells in your body—in a gland called the pancreas—produce a substance named *insulin*.

This enters your blood stream and enables your body to store sugar and convert it, as needed, into muscle energy.

Lacking insulin, sugar would simply accumulate in your body. You would become unquenchably thirsty for water to carry this excess sugar from your system—*unused*. You would be constantly hungry because of the calories lost, and would probably lose weight steadily. You would have diabetes.



How diabetes is treated. Today, mainly as a result of a miraculous discovery in 1921, diabetics have a good chance of living as long as nondiabetics.

The discovery? That insulin can be extracted from the pancreas of certain animals, and that injections of it permit a diabetic to utilize sugar and starches.

Many advances in insulin treatment have been made. Today most diabetics can live virtually normal lives, with proper diet and exercise and insulin—although not *all* diabetics require insulin.

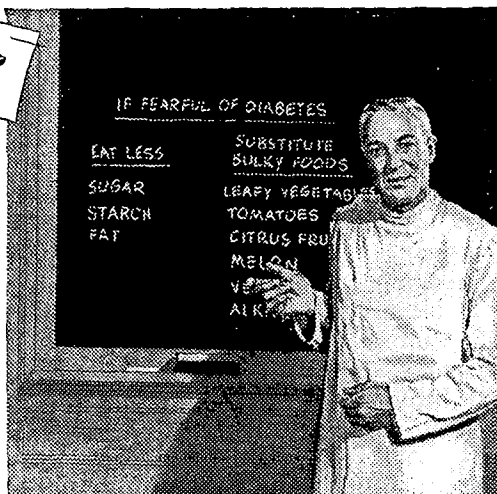
of DIABETES

How to guard against diabetes. Its most likely victims are:

1. *Middle-aged, overweight people*—Avoid overweight by limiting the intake of sugar, starch, and fat, and by getting plenty of healthful exercise.

2. *People who have diabetes "in the family"*—Predisposition to diabetes is hereditary. If anyone in your family has had diabetes, you should watch your diet and exercise. Above all, you should have periodic—at least annual—physical checkups *with urinalysis*.

Send for Metropolitan's free booklet—"Diabetes."



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THE PINNACLE OF FAME

A Story

By ROBERT FONTAINE

I CAME, after the many years of fairy-tale books and pretending to be Napoleon and Wellington under the apple tree in our back yard, to yearn for a little more realism in my adventure.

From the top of that tree which bore, biennially and capriciously, yellow transparent apples, I could see the great lumber yard of M. Fairbirn and the other children, including the exciting tomboy, Sally, scampering wildly and yelling frequently with what sounded like joy.

I spoke to Maman and Papa about this new turn of the spirit.

"It is now necessary that I go and play in the Fairbirn's back yard like the others. I do not wish to sit always under a tree, alone."

"So!" my father exclaimed. "Under a tree once sat a scientist and when an apple struck his head he became famous. It is not necessary to go someplace else to be famous."

"I do not speak of famous. I wish to go for the sport."

"You are too small for the rough games," my mother said.

"I am *not* small," I insisted. "I only *look* small."

"Let him go," my father shrugged. "Where would we be if the mother of Columbus caused him to remain forever in the back yard?"

AT THE yard of the Fairbirns they regarded me with humor. I was too small, they said. I was too thin. I had too much fear.

It was necessary for me to buy, with my ten cents' allowance, one two-cent cone of ice cream for each of them before I secured permission to play Follow The Leader.

Columbus, after many weeks of nothing but salt water, was no more unhappy than I after an hour in which I could do nothing the others did. I was afraid to jump through the hole in the floor to the hay below. I would arrive half-way up the tall pile of lumber and then fall down. I took only five steps along the high fence

ROBERT FONTAINE was born in Canada but is now a U. S. citizen. He has been a newspaperman in Washington and has written radio scripts for Joe Cook and Fibber McGee and movie scripts for Columbia pictures. The tentative title of his forthcoming book, to be published by Simon and Schuster, is *So Much of Heaven*.

when I landed in the tomatoes of the garden next door.

I wished, then, only to be back under the apple tree waiting for a yellow transparent to knock into my head some famous notion.

I was not finished yet with the adventurers. Since I was the worst of all, I had to be punished by the tribe. They tied me in the stall of a horse named Harry. The horse was of a great size and very gentle, but even the nicest horse does not wish a small boy tied to his tail. Especially in the summer when there are so many flies.

The other children stood outside, laughing loudly as I tried to avoid Harry's bumping me against the boards.

In the end I was released, unharmed, by good fortune, in body; damaged badly in spirit.

"I will show these cabbages!" I said to myself in my small bed that night. I prayed that the good Lord would send an angel who would help me become strong and brave.

At Sunday School I inquired of my teacher how one became brave and strong.

"Thrice-armed is he who has faith," said my teacher, rubbing off a drawing of a cat from the fly-leaf of my hymnbook.

"*Eh, bien,*" I told myself. "I will get faith."

Every night I spoke to myself in the mirror.

"You have faith, you. You are brave and strong."

After a month of this in which I was

not contradicted, I decided I had enough faith.

THERE came, as there always does, the right moment.

I was walking past the church, looking on the road for cigarette pictures which I collected, when I met Sally and the others of the Fairbirn yard coterie.

"Harry the horse is lonesome for you," said Fairbirn.

"Did your mother kiss the bruises when you went home?" inquired another boy.

"Never mind," Sally said, "you'll be a man before your mother."

"He will be a man before his father, since his father plays the fiddle," Fairbirn went on. Fairbirn Père was a fireman.

"Maybe he will grow up and be a midget," Sally said, as if she were very sad about it.

I clenched my small fists and my eyes were hot.

"Make me [I spoke now directly to the Lord], see something to do. Make me very wonderful all of a sudden. I will be very good and never keep the collection money for ice cream cones."

Suddenly it was like the white light flashed in the face of Paul on the road to Damascus.

There it was before me, the steeple of the church with the cross on top, and the ancient sturdy vines which a small boy could climb easily but which were too slight for the bigger ones.

"Oho!" I said.

I climbed slowly up as my scoffers regarded me in amazement.

Upward, ever upward I climbed, hearing but faintly the cries of fear for me from below.

"*Helas!*" I sang to myself. "They do not have faith!"

I came, at last, to the edge of the steeple. The vines were gone. There was now only smooth slate tile.

I hesitated. Then I was filled with the strange feeling that an angel was pushing my posterior and telling me not to lose faith.

"So," I noted, "I have an angel. It must be then that since the Lord has pushed me up this far, He intends me to go to the top."

I arrived there and, looking down, I saw I had come up over what was almost a smooth sheet of glass.

Below, my comrades were waving and shouting. I was very proud. I clung to the cross and felt as happy as a cherub on my Sunday School certificate of general proficiency.

IT WAS all quite wonderful.

Soon, however, I became very hot and very thirsty. I decided to go back down.

It was not, alas, as easy as all that. Going up you could cling, in certain ways, to the tiles. Coming down you were very likely to slide, forced down by your own weight.

I was, of a sudden, in a panic.

"The angel!" I thought suddenly. "If he can get down, I can."

In the next feverish breath, I recalled that angels have wings, little boys do not.

I hung tightly to the cross.

"Dear Lord," I murmured, "regard me here where I worship you each Sunday. Are you going to let me fall all the way down and become like beef *roulade*? What will happen to poor Maman? Ah, there will be a big funeral and everyone will be sorry they made jokes at me. Yes, they will be all very sorry."

This thought sustained me for a while . . . but not long.

My stomach was becoming filled with more and larger butterflies than I ever dreamed existed.

"*Zut!*" I exclaimed aloud.

It did no good.

"Dear Lord [I decided to try again] send me a messenger. A raven perhaps with a ladder in his beak. Or perhaps an eagle, since a raven could not be expected to carry a ladder. Send something and I will memorize, in one week, twenty psalms. I promise you."

That, apparently, started something in Heaven, for, far below, the minister, Reverend McKintosh stuck his head out of the window of the manse next door.

I felt better. Here was a special envoy of the Lord. Surely the Reverend would find a solution.

Half asleep, I clung wearily to the cross for what seemed like hours.

I was brought to full consciousness by the great clang of bells and the mighty sound of a siren.

It was the fire department!

In no time, the enormous ladder came sliding up, and before I could think about it, I was being carried down to safety.

Once on the ground, I refused to answer questions or speak about anything. I probably could not. I trembled like the hands of Uncle Louis after a week of white wine.

Only the Reverend McKintosh received any notice.

"What," he inquired angrily, "is the meaning of this?"

The excitement had weakened my body but it had also sharpened my mind.

"My Shepherd," I said [this alone impressed him], "there came to me a great desire to come closer to Heaven. It was like with St. Paul you spoke about last Sunday. Even to the white light. Believe me. I climbed as high as I could. Is such a thing wrong?"

He looked around nervously. One could see that his reputation was at stake.

"No, my child," he said, patting me gently on the sweating head. "No. But coming close to Heaven is a job for the spirit. It is not necessary to take the body along, too."

"*Eh, bien,*" I agreed. "But I am too young to understand this."

"Go," he said, "and remember, too often when the spirit is willing, the flesh is weak."

"*Oui,*" I agreed, with only a hazy notion of what he meant.

I ran all the way home and I was just in time for supper, of which I had great need.

My mother noticed nothing except that I looked very tired. My father thought I was perhaps studying too hard.

THE next morning at breakfast, as I was devouring the puffed rice the box announced had been shot out of guns, my mother made a noise of annoyance.

"What a thing," she said. She was reading the paper. "The world becomes crazier. Listen: 'Unknown Boy Climbs Church Steeple. On Way To Heaven He Tells Minister.'"

My father grinned and blew gently on his hot, black coffee.

"Only about ten or eleven years old, too," my mother went on.

"Perhaps he is crazy," my father suggested.

"If you ask me," my mother said, "he probably comes from a home where the parents do not show him love or interest and he wished to escape from these bad people."

"*C'est possible,*" my father agreed.

"Such parents," my mother said sternly, "should be in jail."

"What do you think, *bibi*?" my father asked. "You are about the age of this daredevil."

"*Moi?* Oh . . . *sais pas.* I don't know. I, myself, do not like to climb, since I become dizzy. Tell me, Papa, how is the new show at the Theatre? Do we have there any dogs who turn somersaults? Or pretty girls who sing?"

My mother went to the kitchen.

"The next time," my father whispered, "you wish to show off, take along with your faith, a ladder and some rope. *Comprends-tu?*"

"Yes," I said, blushing very red and sticking my nose deeply into the puffed rice.

DISEASES OF THE HEART

BY ROBERT H. FELDT, M.D.

MORE than 100,000 Americans die each year as a result of coronary artery disease, including angina pectoris and coronary thrombosis. It is a greater killer than tuberculosis and diabetes combined. The mortality rate has risen so rapidly that it is now the leading cause of death for people past the age of fifty.

Coronary disease is primarily an ailment of those who carry large responsibilities and who work under tension and stress. Physicians are notoriously susceptible and business executives run them a close second. Men outnumber women five to one as victims. Farmers and day laborers are seldom afflicted.

It isn't so long ago that most patients and many doctors thought that a diagnosis of coronary disease was tantamount to a death warrant, but recent research and statistical studies have shown how wrong they were. Much can be accomplished if the patient is willing to rearrange his life, to learn to live judiciously.

Several years ago, the senior partner in a prominent law firm was seized with terrifying chest pain as he hur-

ried up a flight of court-house steps. He stopped in his tracks and stood absolutely immobile. His face became ashen and he broke out in a cold sweat. The pain and sense of strangling were so intense that he feared every breath would be his last. In three minutes, the pain was gone, but weakness and exhaustion persisted the rest of that day and the next. Although this man had always seemed well, his doctor knew that he had suffered a "heart attack," angina pectoris. However, by working at a slower pace with a minimum of strain and worry, the lawyer has been able to continue an active practice.

If the heart is to function properly, it must have an adequate supply of blood-borne oxygen and nutriment. The blood that fills its chambers sixty to eighty times a minute provides no nourishment for the heart which simply acts as a pump forcing the fluid along in the circulation. The blood supply for the pump itself is carried by the coronary arteries, which stem from the main trunk artery or aorta. They divide like the branches of a tree and their finer ramifications pen-

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trate through every section of the myocardium or muscular wall of the heart. With each beat of the heart, a surge of blood flows through the coronary system.

Normal coronary arteries can supply the heart with all the blood it needs under any circumstances. When cardiac work is increased, as it is by physical activity or emotion, the coronary arteries dilate widely allowing more blood to enter the myocardium.

Some people develop arteriosclerosis or hardening of the coronary arteries. The cause is not clearly understood, but overdeveloped emotional drive and high-pressure living are important factors. Heredity, high blood pressure, obesity, diabetes, and infection have all been incriminated. Any one of these elements or a combination of them may be operative in a given case.

When coronary arteriosclerosis is advanced, the vessels lose their elasticity because their walls are infiltrated with bony deposits. The arteries may be able to carry enough blood for the heart at rest or during slight exertion; but when the work of the heart is materially increased and there is an unusual demand for oxygen, the arteries cannot widen their caliber as much as necessary. Then the heart muscle suffers from anoxemia, an insufficient supply of oxygen, and the cardiac nerves cry out in protest. To make matters worse, a reflex spasm may actually decrease the caliber of the coronary arteries during an attack of angina pectoris.

The lawyer's case is typical. His coronary arteries were adequate for ordinary needs, but they could not provide the oxygen required for running upstairs. With some people, less effort brings on an attack of angina. For example, walking on the level against a strong wind may do it. Anger or fear may be the precipitating cause. Overdistention of the stomach or bowel by food or gas can lead to an attack. Angina victims have been awakened from sleep with the pain. These nocturnal episodes are induced by exciting or unpleasant dreams.

The pain varies in location, but it is most often felt beneath the breast bone. If the discomfort is confined to the pit of the stomach, the victim sometimes thinks he is having indigestion. The pain may appear in the groin or the neck. It frequently radiates from the chest to the left shoulder and arm. The fear of impending death is a prominent part of the picture. For a given individual, each attack follows a similar pattern.

II

A few weeks ago, the well-known heart specialist, Dr. Paul D. White, of Boston, announced encouraging news for angina sufferers, based on a long-term study of 500 patients. Many of the group have already died, but their average lifetime was nearly eight years after the first attack. The hardy ones who are still alive can boast of an average survival period of eighteen years. An appreciable number have lived

longer than twenty-five years and one has set a record of thirty-three years.

As would be expected, the patients who were in their forties when they had the first attack of angina lived longer than those who were in their sixties and beyond. If the blood pressure was normal, the outlook was better. The ones who had slight pain lived longer than those who suffered severely. Strangely, the patients with the most sensitive nervous systems lived the longest. The cautious, sensitive individual takes note of the first sign of pain and stops short of his limitations. People of a phlegmatic nature are likely to ignore minor twinges of pain and thereby exceed their capacities.

The treatment of angina pectoris is largely a matter of securing the patient's co-operation. He must learn to relax, to take things as they come, to move slowly, to think calmly. He must put worry, anger, fear, and tension out of his life. Complete relaxation is so important that many doctors order patients to bed for a couple of weeks after the first attack. A lazy vacation or a sea voyage may provide the needed rest.

When arteriosclerosis is severe, new small blood channels frequently develop. This compensatory process, known as collateral circulation, progresses most effectively while the heart is securing the maximum amount of rest. Therefore, regular hours of sleep are essential. Lying down for a few minutes after each meal is especially

beneficial. Above all, the patient must learn to reduce his physical activity to a point short of the effort that customarily causes pain.

Useful drugs are available for patients who cannot or will not restrict their activity. There are times when even the most co-operative patient will need these medicines known as nitrites. The most important is nitroglycerine. At the first sign of an attack, the patient places under his tongue a tiny pill made from TNT. Ironically, this destructive chemical brings almost instant relief to the pain of angina. A related drug, amyl nitrite, is supplied in a small glass capsule wrapped in a silk bag. With the first twinge of pain, the patient crushes the capsule and inhales the penetrating fumes. The distress is usually alleviated in a matter of seconds. A drink of whiskey often relieves anginal pain. Alcohol was widely used a hundred years before the nitrites were developed and it is still a valuable medicine for the rare patient who is sensitive to the nitrites or who gets no relief from them. There are several other serviceable drugs, all of them based on the principle of producing coronary artery dilatation.

The diet should be light and gas-producing foods must be avoided because over-distention may bring on an attack of heart pain. If the sufferer is obese, as is often the case, weight reduction may be surprisingly beneficial. The use of tobacco should be discontinued or restricted, since smoking temporarily raises the blood pressure

and quickens the pulse, thereby increasing the work of the heart.

There is now hope for surgical cure of angina, but the method is too new to justify predictions. Dr. Claude S. Beck of Western Reserve University Medical School has had gratifying results with the operations he has performed on patients with severe coronary artery disease. In the Beck operation, a piece of healthy chest tissue is grafted to the heart muscle. The normal arteries from the graft join with and partially replace the diseased coronary arteries.

III

Coronary thrombosis is the most severe type of coronary disease. The rough bony deposits in the walls of an arteriosclerotic artery invite the formation of a thrombus or clot. If the vessel is completely plugged, the area of myocardium it supplies is denied its oxygen-charged blood supply. Worse still, the plugging may cause a reflex constricting spasm of other coronary arteries and the whole heart suffers.

Such a heart attack is not necessarily brought on by exertion and it may occur at any time of the night or day. It can come without warning or it may be preceded for months or years by angina. Severe pain strikes the moment the occlusion occurs. Like anginal pain, it is usually located beneath the breast bone. It is not relieved by the nitrites and it may last for hours or days. Extreme shortness of breath and signs of shock or pros-

tration commonly accompany the pain.

If the affected area of heart muscle is large, death occurs. Coronary thrombosis was regarded as instantaneously fatal until thirty years ago when Dr. James B. Herrick, of Rush Medical School, proved that sudden death did not inevitably result. Herrick's first patient lived fifty-two hours after the onset.

Since then, the picture has brightened immeasurably. The average period of survival after coronary thrombosis is now close to five years, although it is true that a few patients die immediately, or within a few weeks. Of those who get through this early critical period, about one-third make such a good recovery that they have no further heart symptoms. This one-third and a few more are able to return to full-time work, so that altogether about half get back to their usual occupations. The rest are more or less incapacitated by angina or coronary insufficiency.

Many patients are well and active ten years after coronary thrombosis. Dr. E. H. Drake, of Portland, Maine, tells of the longest survival on record. By reconstructing the history, Dr. Drake deduced that his patient's first thrombosis occurred when he was forty years old. After a stormy convalescence, the patient resumed his duties as a telegrapher. This man had not the least sign of heart trouble again until he was sixty-seven, when he developed angina pectoris. Although the angina was severe, he con-

tinued to work up to the time that a fatal occlusion developed at the age of seventy-seven. The autopsy showed the tell-tale scars of the coronary thrombosis that had occurred nearly four decades before.

The pain of coronary thrombosis is so intense that large doses of morphine are required and sedation is necessary to allay the extreme restlessness. Inhaling pure oxygen gives spectacular relief for the difficult breathing. Certain drugs are valuable in preventing reflex spasm and constriction of the unoccluded coronary arteries. Again, rest is the most important single factor in treatment. This is necessary to give the heart the maximum amount of rest during which to heal the injured myocardium. The dead muscle tissue is gradually replaced by a firm fibrous

scar. Too much activity during the early stages may end in sudden death by causing the heart to rupture through the injured area. It is seldom wise for a patient with coronary thrombosis to get out of bed until at least six weeks have passed. Then convalescence must be leisurely. Altogether he can expect to be away from his desk for at least three months, perhaps longer.

The care of a person who has recovered from an attack of coronary thrombosis is the same as it is for those who suffer from angina pectoris. The patient must learn to keep his activity within the limit of his tolerance. Daily walks and even an occasional round of golf are actually beneficial unless they bring on chest pain or shortness of breath.



Books —

Without books, God is silent.

— THOS. V. BARTHOLIN

When certain animals of a few million years ago learned to talk, they became men; when these men learned to write and read, they became civilized; when they learned to print they made their civilization secure. Were all who can read and write destroyed tomorrow, the next generation would in a few years learn anew all that civilization has to give, and would learn it from the books that printers have made. Truly, civilization rests upon the printers.

— JOHN COTTON DANA

CRAZY OVER HORSES

By DAN PARKER

ONCE upon a time, within easy memory, the average man who bet on race horses occupied a social status in America a scant rung above the neighborhood dipsomaniac and the lady known as Lou. It was accepted that the wretch would, as a matter of course, keep his wife permanently black and blue, starve his kiddies into debility, burgle the baby's bank and end his mad route in state's prison after the inevitable dip into the boss's till.

How times have changed! Today the average man calmly reads the form sheets in public, exchanges tips with his doctor and banker, goes out to the track with the boss, and devotes his evenings to a neighborhood forum on the next day's selections.

Americans are crazy over horses. This year they have bet more than a billion dollars at race tracks and another billion or two with book-makers "off the course." They have bought twenty million admissions to the tracks and uncounted millions of copies of newspapers, dope sheets and "expert" selections; have driven themselves pink-eyed trying to devise unbeatable systems, have run the gamut

of the gambler's thrills and chills, and have ended up poorer in pocket but still rich in the sucker's conviction that they can beat the other fellow at his own game.

Of course it is not greed alone that drives them to the gentle slaughter. The soul of man starves without its fun, and civilization has never developed a recreation for the masses that supplies a "kick" comparable to that of gambling. The slot machine is mute but mighty evidence of that. The one-armed bandit always wins, as even the wren-brains know, but the gods have yet to record the deposit of a grain of dust upon the handle of any slot while it stood within walking distance of a challenger.

The business of horse racing in this country dates back two centuries, but until the 'twenties of this century the followers of the running horse were divided roughly into four categories, of which "the public" was the least important. There was the rich horsey set, the Vanderbilts, Whitneys, *et al.*, who maintained expensive breeding farms and racing stables and traveled grandly about with their retinues to the big meetings. Then there were the

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ecstatic lovers of horseflesh, like the goateed Kentucky colonels of occasional Hollywood pictures, who devoted their lives to the nurturing of thoroughbreds. The third category was occupied by assorted types, including the bookmaker, the professional gambler, the tout, the hanger-on, and the trainers and jockeys to whom racing and betting on racing were business, pleasure and everything else in life.

On the fringe of the business was the public, or that small minority of it who paid their way into the tracks, or covertly patronized bookmakers "off the course." They would turn out in force for such well publicized events as the Kentucky Derby and the Preakness, but on the whole the "sport of kings" had not been sold to the American people before the boom era of the 'twenties.

In the old days, too, the financiers of racing were either rich "grandees" or big-time professional gamblers. What are known as solid business men would no more have considered investing in a track than they would have embarked in the opium traffic openly. But today — well, for an example, note who's who in the Hudson Racing Association, which plans the new track in Jersey on the edge of the Hudson opposite Manhattan, almost in the laps of some ten million prospective customers. The directorate includes Clarence A. Chafey, vice-president of the National City Bank; Frank A. Shea, member of the New York Stock Exchange, and Gene Mori, president

of the Tradesmen's Bank and Trust Company of Vineland, New Jersey, who is also the big money behind the Garden State track at Camden. There is obviously more hay in horses than meets the eye.

II

Horse racing is now legal in twenty-two states. Of these, Nevada and South Dakota "do not take advantage of their opportunity," according to the 1943 report of the New York State Racing Commission, and Nebraska has suspended the business for the duration. New York State provided 40 per cent of the money bet and 25 per cent of the total attendance last year, with Florida and California runners-up. Although in 1944 the business will show a 100 per cent increase over the last pre-war year of 1941, authorities agree that the future will see further expansion measured in the hundreds of millions.

The increased public interest in racing, or rather in horse gambling, is largely due to the combination of high wartime incomes with the scarcity of other outlets for luxury spending. Operators of theatres, night clubs and pleasure resorts have also benefited from this situation. But the *entrepreneurs* of racing should be credited with at least an assist to Fate. They have lobbied the legislatures of twenty-two states into virtual partnership in their gambling enterprises. And they have propagandized their

business into such apparent respectability that most people forget the basic fact that horse gambling is still blood brother to roulette, craps, faro, bingo and every other game of chance operated for the profit of the "house," a profit that can issue only from the perverse human effort to win in a gamble that is mathematically rigged against any such awkward result.

Racing made its entry into widespread public esteem when it introduced the *pari-mutuel* system of betting as a machine-age improvement over the bookmaker, or "bookie." Since 1940, when New York fell into line, the bookie has been outlawed (but not, of course, put out of business) in every state. In the bookmaker system each betting transaction is a deal between the individual bettor and the bookie, who usually fixes the odds on the horse selected. In the *pari-mutuels*, the odds are decided by the public. That is, the more bet on a winning horse in proportion to the total pool, the lower the odds, and vice versa. The vending machines at the track print each ticket as it is called for by numbers corresponding to those on the horses in the race, and each wager is recorded electrically in a device called a totalisator. From totals furnished by this glorified adding machine, lightning calculators figure out the odds on the first three, or "win, place and show," horses, after the race. When the horses are released from the starting stall at the start of a race, the *pari-mutuel* vending machines are automatically locked to

prevent anyone on the inside from buying tickets on the winner after the race.

(Yes, Agatha, some wicked men would do just that, given the opportunity. They would also try to keep a horse from winning by loading him down with a bellyful of water, by doping him, or by stuffing sponges into his nostrils. If they wanted a horse to win, they might inject him with stimulating drugs.)

The *pari-mutuels* may give the bettor somewhat more favorable pay-offs than the bookie, but you or your agent must be at the track to play the *pari-mutuels*, while the bet with the bookie can be made by a telephone call. Through the bookie in your home town you can play the races in New York, New Orleans, Chicago or California, without stirring from your bed or office. So it is understandable why the bookies do a volume of business probably in excess of that transacted through the machines at the tracks.

The amount bet on a race at the track is the "handle" or "pool," in turf parlance. The percentage deducted from the handle by the states in taxes and by the tracks is the "take." In most states, the payoff in winning wagers is either to the nickel or the dime in each dollar, the odd cents being retained as "breakage." The legal definition of breakage in New York State is "the odd cents over any multiple of five, calculated on the basis of a dollar." In New York State last year, breakage amounted

to \$2,136,472.88 — pretty pennies indeed.

Betting arrangements vary in the different states. The take ranges from 7.5 per cent in Michigan to 15 per cent in Florida, the average (as in New York State) being 10 per cent. Each state has a different arrangement with the racing associations on the division of the spoils. In Michigan, the track keeps the entire 7.5 per cent take and pays a daily license fee of \$2,500 to the state. In Florida, the state gets 8, and the association 7 of the 15 per cent take. New York State keeps 6 per cent of the take, 4 per cent going to the association. In Maryland and Illinois, the state gets 2 per cent and the association, 8. Kentucky tracks pay a daily license fee ranging from \$500 to \$2,500 for each business day, depending on the handle, and retain all of the 10 per cent take.

There are also various arrangements on the disposition of breakage. In Florida, the state retains all of it. In New York, the state takes 60 per cent and the track, 40. Arkansas, California, Massachusetts and New Hampshire split the breakage "down the middle." In thirteen other states, Delaware, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland, Michigan, Nebraska, New Jersey, Ohio, Oregon, Rhode Island, Washington and West Virginia, the tracks retain all the breakage. The customers retain the experience, which is said to be the best teacher.

Still, you may say, that's not so bad. Suppose around 11 or 12 per cent does come out of the kitty to

keep the track solvent and the state tax commission happy. That's not such a deadly percentage, is it? Well, yes, it is. To understand why, consider the simple analogy of a poker game in which 11 per cent of every pot went to the "house." How long would the players' total capital hold out against that "take"? Pretty soon there'd have to be "fresh" money introduced, by begging the pot or writing checks, for if the game lasted long enough under the repeated buffetings of that "take," even the big winner would be wondering where to raise taxi fare.

III

This explanation, over-simplified though it is, may indicate why the odds against beating the horse race business are greater than they seem. The inexorable "take" on the pool of each race nibbles steadily at every bankroll, big and little. That is why you as a bettor and the tracks as businesses would soon languish without a constant flow of "fresh money." If you question this logic, you can test it by starting out to play the races with a fixed capital, promising yourself to add not a nickel of fresh money. Unless your luck is phenomenal, you will end up with your capital thoroughly unfixed.

Racing's best argument for its continued existence during wartime is that it provides immense revenue for many states which, without this

source of income, would be in a desperate way, now that gasoline and motor vehicle taxes have dropped off so sharply because of travel restrictions. Racing paid \$32,534,484 in taxes to all the various states which sanction it, in 1943. At least racing takes the bow for it, although actually it was the bettor who paid the tax.

It would be the bettor who would also have to pay the Federal tax if one were adopted, but so far, racing's powerful lobby has forestalled every effort by Congress to cut the Federal government in on the bonanza.

Herbert Bayard Swope, of the regal manner and sesquipedalian vocabulary, has been the leader of the forces assigned by the racing industry to talk down any proposal to tax horse-race betting in Congress. Mr. Swope is unique among racing men in that he is not only a racing commissioner but also a magnate and a horse player of note. Chairman of the New York Racing Commission, Swope occupies one of the most influential posts in racing. As part owner of Tropical Park, in Florida, he has a good thing financially. As a horse player, he should understand the problems of the bettor. As chairman of the Turf Committee of America, Swope is practically czar of the horse world.

On his appearances before the Senate Finance Committee to protest against a proposed 5 per cent Federal tax on *pari-mutuel* bets, Mr. Swope has argued that the taxing of race-horse wagers is properly a state func-

tion (a broad statement he wasn't called on to amplify); that a Federal tax superimposed on the present state taxes would force bettors to patronize bookmakers and that the law of diminishing returns (which Mr. Swope defines as "the more bet the more tax, but the more tax the less bet") would assert itself. Mr. Swope each time won his point. The *pari-mutuel* betting tax provision was stricken from the Federal tax budget in 1942 and again in 1943.

Mr. Swope must have had tongue in cheek when he argued that a 5 per cent Federal tax, added to the state tax, making a total levy of 15 per cent plus breakage, in most states, would drive business away, thus cheating the state of its revenue. It so happens that Mr. Swope's Tropical Park track already exacts a 15 per cent levy on every bet, despite which its handle during the late winter season was the biggest in the track's history. Of course, if a Federal tax of 5 per cent were added to Florida's 15 per cent levy, the bite would be 20 per cent plus breakage, a percentage which might deter even horse players from pursuing their fantastic dreams of easily won wealth, although there is little ground for such skepticism.

Racing vouchsafes itself a modest pat on the back at every opportunity for its contributions to war charities. Most tracks devote at least one day in each meeting to the cause. New York runs a Victory Week meeting at the end of the regular season, besides a

Charity Day at each track. New York's five tracks raised \$1,212,846 for war relief and local charities in 1943. This figure for five prosperous racing associations becomes insignificant when placed alongside the \$685,747 contributed by the little Bay Meadows track at San Mateo, California, at the spring meeting this year, making a total contribution by this organization of \$1,846,459 in two years. A total of \$8,000,000 has been handed over to charity (and credited on income tax reports as contributions) during 1942 and 1943, of which amount little Bay Meadows gave almost one-sixth.

IV

The war boom has brought a flock of Babes in the Woods to the horse parks. They know practically nothing about racing, but depend on the public handicappers for their information. As the public handicappers are wrong on the average of twice out of three times, it can be seen that even when not taking into account the stiff percentage that must be bucked, the new generation of horse players doesn't stand much chance of coming out ahead of the racket. However, this state of affairs doesn't seem to discourage them in the least. Attendance and handle figures are mounting steadily. Crowds of 30,000 at New York race tracks on dull Mondays are no longer uncommon. Where once a million-dollar day was something to rave about, the average daily handle

at the New York tracks in 1943 was \$1,498,082, an increase of 62 per cent over 1942. There were thirty-two days last year when over \$2,000,000 went into the *pari-mutuel* machines in New York. This year the days on which the handle is over \$2,000,000 probably outnumbered the days when it dropped below that figure. A world's record for *pari-mutuel* wagering was set at Belmont Park on May 20 last, when \$3,562,771 was poured into the machines.

Once the two-dollar wager was the popular bet at all race tracks. In New York last year \$17,710,400 or 6.2 per cent of the total was bet at the \$100 windows; \$61,174,850 or 21.49 per cent, at the \$50 windows; \$76,204,690 or 26.78 per cent, at the \$10 windows; \$45,947,825 or 16.14 per cent, at the \$5 windows; and \$70,904,202 or 24.91 per cent, at the \$2 windows. The trend throughout the country is much the same.

Racing's astounding new records are being set despite the fact that the number of tracks operating is much smaller since America entered the war. The government took over several of them, including Santa Anita in California, for relocation and concentration camps. Others, such as Havre de Grace, Laurel and Bowie in Maryland, were closed to economize on travel facilities, while they ran off their scheduled meetings at other tracks more conveniently located with relation to the center of population. In New York, the famous old Saratoga track was closed by order of

Governor Dewey and its dates run off at Belmont Park to save gas, rubber and urgently needed travel space. For the same reason, the Empire City meetings were held at Jamaica, which is more accessible. The tracks near Chicago have also worked out a plan whereby several have been closed and their meetings transferred to other courses.

In the matter of co-operating with the government in gasoline and rubber conservation, racing has a spotty record. The New York tracks closed their free parking lots. However, Narragansett Park in Pawtucket, Rhode Island, Delaware Park, outside Wilmington, Delaware, and several other tracks have kept their parking spaces open. Two years ago, Matt Winn ran the Kentucky Derby against the wishes of the Office of Defense Transportation. Despite the ban on travel by train and automobile except for essential purposes, the Derby crowd was as big as ever. Narragansett Park also defied the ODT by refusing to

close its parking lot when requested to do so. Delaware Park operated on "D" day although every other track in the United States cancelled its program for the afternoon. In New York of late, a powerful campaign, which is known to have the blessing of the racing associations, has been started to reopen the track parking lots and run them for the benefit of war veterans' associations. The tracks point out that thousands of cars are being parked near race courses daily in private parking lots, thus diverting money into the pockets of "profiteers" which might better go to charity.

Yes, horse racing is here, perhaps to stay. Testers of the public pulse agree that in the postwar period we are all going to chase after pleasure as we never did before. And as there are few delights, in the minds of many, to compare with that of watching your horse romp home at a nice price, it seems inevitable that the horsey set will soon number in the multi-millions. Crazier and crazier over horses!



The Turkey —

A large bird whose flesh when eaten on certain religious anniversaries has the peculiar property of attesting piety and gratitude. Incidentally, it is pretty good eating.

— AMBROSE BIERCE

OIL BOOM IN MISSISSIPPI

By HARNETT T. KANE

By Grab, it's biggern' Texas!" mutters a halfer (sharecropper) with red-clay stains on his fingers and hope at the corners of his mouth. And the man along the creeks just scratches the seat of his overalls, and watches . . . and wonders . . .

Down in those backwoods where God, the crops and the Democratic Party have always been the main topics of conversation, the Miss'sippi's churnin' and puzzlin' and agitation' itself at the edge of a revolution.

The Magnolia State has suddenly become the hottest oil spot in America. In the heart of rural Southeast Mississippi, in what has long been one of the poorest of piny-wood, red-clay hill sections, the geologists have located a lush new source of production. Seemingly overnight, practically every major company has moved in, with independents panting at their heels. New York, New Orleans, Philadelphia and in some cases Harlem as well, have gone to the woods to snap for a share of the treasure.

To the oil game, Jasper, Wayne and Jones Counties are now important

names. Nobody in his right mind, of course, expects Mississippi to turn into another Texas. But the discoveries among the sandy gullies have a considerable significance: The oil play is moving east, through Mississippi, toward Georgia, Florida, Alabama and the other states; and, brother, that's news for many a man with some money, a fair amount of nerve, and an idea or two. What some have long suspected is coming true — the trend of American oil production is taking a new direction, and millions are in the making.

All over Mississippi at this moment, pleasant-faced agents are talking with skeptical, tobacco-chewing farmers. Wildcat operations are springing up daily as the production from established wells mounts. The main field literally seethes with activity. An estimated ten million dollars is being spent for drilling; fifty or more wells are in operation or under way, and the number jumps with each week's reports. The same thing is beginning to occur, on a smaller scale, in adjoining states to the east. The possibilities

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for economic change are profound, but in and around Jasper and Jones Counties the folks aren't bothering their heads with such broad considerations. All they know is that they are whirling about in the middle of a new Mississippi Bubble, in a boom with a difference — several differences. And the sweating oil men themselves say that they have never operated under quite the same circumstances.

II

Toward the west, along the pulsing Father of Waters in Louisiana and Mississippi, stretch the fecund alluvial flatlands of the Delta, that region of outpouring cotton, of white-pillared plantation homes, and of privilege. A short distance into the state the soil thins and weakens, and man has to struggle to make it produce. He came late to this pine-spotted area: sometimes as a squatter on the infertile stretches which his wealthier cousins did not want; usually acquiring ground by unrelenting labor "from kin to kain't" — from dawn when he could see, to late evening when he couldn't.

It is a small fellow's hinterland. In early days, the Delta people "over yonder" had their slaves, the key to the easy life; the people of the red-clay owned only their own tough hands, and their children's. Jones County won fame when it came out against the Confederates, crying furiously that the whole conflict was a rich man's war and a poor man's fight. Declaring war on the Confederates themselves,

it raided their armies and carried on guerrilla battles for years. After the hostilities, economic want bit deep, but the small landowners clung hard. Lumbering brought good return for some, but eventually the hungry mills ate up most of the good timber, and today it is a sparse, cut-over territory.

Here and there in the red lands, among the broken stumps, the Negroes have filtered in. Descendants of slaves, given "freedom" but few of the things that most men believe go with it, they have sweated and grunted over their own small plots to coax the cotton from the hostile ground. With the years, for black and white man alike, the scrawny soil has eroded. Even with heavy dosages of fertilizer, bad weather can reduce such soil's output to a half-bale an acre; and some remember "a heap o' times" when it might take four or five to get the bale.

It is a gaunt life, by many standards, but it has its values. Here and elsewhere, the country Mississippian, good-humored and truculent by turn, is always the laconic individualist. An ardent dry — Mississippi has had Prohibition, long and defiantly — he takes a good swig of corn or rye from a backwoods still when he gets the chance. He likes tall tales, and exults in the frenzied comic-strip politics that his state shares with the rest of the South. He enjoys his church socials, his hog-killings and his feuds. Sometimes he treats his Negro neighbors like fellow humans; again, on the spur of a rankling prejudice, he will lynch and torture them at the stake.

And, not least among more positive gifts, are the provocative names he chooses for his towns, names derived from the Indians or from his own whims — Midnight, Iuka, Renalara, Nitta Yuma, Byhalia, Basic, Estabutchie, Soso, Satartia, Hot Coffee and — my personal favorites — Bobo and Whynot.

Such was Southeast Mississippi of pre-boom days, poor and used to it, if not pleased about it. For some time, oil agents had been moseying around. Occasional drilling had been tried here and there with meagre production, a dry hole. Then the geologists made a report or two to the Gulf Refining company, and Gulf men pioneered about the cross-roads town of Heidelberg. Whispers spread; the oil hounds grew restive. A well came in nearby during May of 1943; it was small, but the hounds began baying. Then, early in April of 1944, the farmers gathered, as for a carnival, about a derrick just outside Heidelberg.

The Gulf men squinted and peered; the Mississippians, hopeful but doubtful, munched their tobacco, hitched their galluses and said nothing. The oil — thick, black, acrid — bubbled up. The oil men gulped; this *was* a producer, mister! Long distance telephone lines hummed; men fretted and shouted orders. However, the folks around Heidelberg were not over-impressed. They spat out of the corner of their mouths, rubbed their whiskered chins, cogitated. "Naw, ain' even about to sell yet. Reckon we

as well off as we got claim to be; they say hit's good, a 1000-barrel a day, but . . . if they go messin' around a man's fields, how's he gonta plow?"

The first checks from the bank brought a change. As the smell of oil filled their air, the Mississippi farmers began to behave like any others with money in reaching distance. Carefully, foolishly, wisely, unwisely, they signed and they sold.

But unexpectedly the oil boys found themselves up against two odd facts. By chance, a large part of the area surrounding Heidelberg was held by Negro farmers, owners of thirty-, forty- and fifty-acre tracts. Also, just twelve years before, a fire in the county courthouse had destroyed all records of ownership. The result of all this was, as the operators put it, "the damndest, mixed-up mess a man ever had to fight."

An agent called on a farmer. "As-suh, that's mine. Sure, my Pappy got it from he's Mamma." "How many years? That I don' rightly remember." "Naw, they tole us everything was in the co'te house; we had it in a box once, but the chil'ren got to it and los' it." "Well, there was a man might could prove it, but he move' to Chicago." After hours of labor, the agent was as puzzled as a preacher caught between invitations to five chicken suppers. Half of his sources were in the Army, the Aleutians, Alaska, or Italy; others were in New Orleans, the East, nobody knew where. Eventually he uncovered another complication: the prevalence of

illegitimacy among his potential royalty-sellers. No moralist railed with greater fury at the situation; tens of thousands hung on the question as to whether or not a little black man and his wife had walked a few miles to the minister. Sometimes the oil man worked for weeks before he learned that Sue and Ned had just taken up; worse than that, a few years afterward Ned had married Mary, and left a full set of heirs from her.

Often, too, among whites and Negroes alike, nobody could prove that his property actually belonged to him. In the absence of tangible records, boundary lines were figments of rival imaginations. In a number of furiously contested cases, when everything was apparently settled, a former resident of sixty or so years ago would arrive from Oklahoma or Florida to assert that it was all his; Pappy hadn't really signed over his rights at all. His own claim, the newcomer would assert, was strong as horse-radish, and he was ready to fight.

Suits, counter-suits, claims, counter-claims piled up in the courts. Lease-hounds howled over the rich trails. Quick on the scent of unwary clients, new lawyers came from all directions to set up shingles overnight. Automobiles sank in the dry, soft sand of the woods-trails; cursing royalty-hunters stumbled in roads that had turned into creeks after the rains. Brisk men with brief-cases, often the first outsiders ever to call at a farmhouse, were introduced to the mysteries of hog-jowl and turnip greens.

A strange phenomenon materialized — women operators! Country Mississippians gazed at them with a combination of suspicion and congealed horror. It wasn't fitten for ladies to be gadding about like that; and one man gave an additional grievance: "She's too quick and *ab-rupt*." City curtness or a tailored frock lost many agreements; and a proper appreciation of an emphatically colored calendar from a store has been known to convince a family that a man is the "right sort."

III

The countryside sprouted lawsuits. It seems safe to say that no American oil field has been brought in to the accompaniment of such a volume and tangle of litigation. "We've had every known kind of lawsuit, and then some new ones they thought up on the spot," one oil representative grins. He had just returned from an air trip to Detroit to get hold of a porter, a relative of a farmer whose signature was needed on an affidavit. Earlier, he had spent weeks photographing gravestones in another state to build up his record.

Fast operators, plain and fancy, have appeared, the slicksters and shy-sters who always accompany the oil play. Some made early alliances with cagey storekeepers who had various whites and Negroes on their credit lists. For a consideration, such business men would see that the farmer did the "proper" thing. The temptation to bilk the black man has been

strong; Mississippi has retained a position close to the bottom of the states in educational standing. A Negro approaches a white merchant: "Hear you wantin' land, mister. How 'bout buying cheap some of my roysters (royalties)?"

"Don' wan' none, boy."

Under such circumstances a bargain in "roysters" is not hard to strike. It was inevitable that Negroes, and some of the whites as well, would be hornswoggled out of every penny of royalty, prevailed upon to place their "X's" on papers that were misrepresented to them. In such cases many whites can enlist help, the Negro is in a less favored position.

Some of the acreage has gone for 25 cents; other sections, close to the wells, have brought offers of \$3000 or more. Fluctuations are wild, shifting with rumor and hint. Special gusto attends the fattening of the "title busters" who operate their usual games. A few organizations have maintained local ties, "runners" or "bird-doggers," men in a position to keep an eye open and rush over with reports of any activity by the opposition. A number of enterprising backwoodsmen have set themselves up as efficient go-betweens . . . "Got a waiver here for you, Mister Ed. Signed and everything. Yeah, goin' thu' there to hunt that gal up, soon as good light tomorrer. Cain't find that nigger, though; claim he took a pair of pants from the sto' and lit out. Think I'm about got Joe straightened out; fixin' to see him tonight." . . . A pat on the hip, a grin,

a bottle of rye will seal the bargain.

The oil man, catching my eye as I listen, frowns: "It's the only way. And no matter what we pay, sometimes it's too much. A dry hole, and it's all thrown away. If it comes in — well, that's the gamble in the old oil game!"

IV

The individual who seems in a position to make the most out of his happy possession of the right land is a white man, one P. C. (Pink) Morrison, leading citizen and talker of Heidelberg. Pink — he was christened that way — alternately beams and frowns over the fortunes of his town. He is a friendly and knowing soul, a shrewd trader who has been making deals all of his days. One of a family of twelve, he has had to work hard to become what he is, and never enjoyed life so much as he does today. A farmer, cattle owner and business man, he counts three wells, among the best in the vicinity, already in, and four or five due for drilling soon. Yet Pink still wears khaki and spends most of his time walking around Heidelberg's main (also its only) street, greeting friends, making weighty decisions, looking after the situation. Recently he gave up his store; got too busy with other things, he explains. Now, part-time, he acts as agent for a drilling mud company; recommends local boys for oil jobs and "studies developments." Speculation has it that his wealth reaches fabulous proportions. To spend

an afternoon with him is to learn of the affairs of a tycoon-in-the-almost-finished-stage.

A fellow citizen steps up: "How's it feel to be rich, Uncle Pink?"

Pink chuckles innocently. "Ha, I'm just a little ol' plow boy, trying to get along."

"I'm dadgummed, Uncle Pink, if you ain't a millionaire."

"Nothin' near it. Ain't much left around here now. Place combed with a fine comb; reckon ain't three acres ain't leased. Things hot as a fire-cracker. If you got a square foot"—he wags a finger—"you better not set a price on it, any price. They'll meet it."

Pink, when he wants to be, is also a study in Mississippi laconicism. Another friend approaches:

"What you know good, Mr. Money?"

"Don't know it."

"How about havin' supper with us?"

"Had it."

"Well, how you gettin' along these days, Pink?"

"Barely making it."

"Look, Pink, how about sellin' that back piece of land to me?"

"Might."

It is clear that Pink is not in a selling mood today. Along with the other farmers, Pink talks learnedly of such things as spudding, coring, operation of gravel trucks and, above all, leases and royalties. Ending a long conversation with one of the tool-pushers or foremen, Pink observes, perhaps by

habit: "No, I don't know much about this business." The tool-pusher looks hard: "But you're learning damned fast." Pink looks pleased. He winks at a new arrival: "Something I can beat you out of?"

V

Heidelberg, unexpected capital of all this development, had known better days before 1944. Established during the last century, on a pleasant ridge among the low hills, it had prospered as a market place and sawmill center. But then the lumber lords finished their looting of the land, and Heidelberg entered a gradual decline. Empty store windows gaped on both sides of the long street; even on Saturday, when the farmers came in for a can of snuff or for a look-around, it sometimes didn't seem too crowded. The depression of '29 cut hard. The state sold many properties; others "just scrouged along." The area had become one of the poorest in a state that knows tight poverty. Then with World War II, good times reached nearby Laurel, a city of tasteful old homes and emergent new industries. Some purchasing power trickled out; and overnight the infusion of oil money heated up Heidelberg's old blood.

The place buzzed with new people, sputtered with new opportunities. Trailers rolled in; every house was occupied, and oil roughnecks and roustabouts were begging rooms in surrounding farm-houses. When some

talked of putting up new residences, Heidelberg discovered that a war was on, that no lumber or other supplies could be found to meet its boom. Newcomers slept in their cars, on the porches, sometimes in a spare boiler-room. It became a standing gag that a stranger could always find himself a bed "if he didn't mind sleeping with three rough-necks and two geologists, and took the place on the end." Eventually hundreds settled in neighboring Laurel and other points and went back and forth to the fields. Then, a few months ago, the only hotel in town, with somebody in it — and the only restaurant — burned down, and things crammed tighter than ever.

Boom jobs were open for practically anybody under seventy with two arms: sawmill workers, farmers, grandfathers. Supplies of almost any kind could be sold, from molasses to stomach-pumps. One of the churches discovered excitedly that it, too, had oil. Some Heidelbergians weren't used to the fluster and rustle. Two of the merchants who owned telephones found annoyingly long lines at them all day long. Both men had to establish waiting lists; in time one closed his shop entirely. Just too much work — he has found life far more agreeable as a farmer and notary public.

Mayor J. W. Myrick thinks that, all things considered, Heidelberg has managed well. "Everybody helped, and everybody has behaved well, so far." But some of the newcomers wonder about Heidelberg. It lacks even a

movie house. (Many Mississippi towns, even when they have them, don't allow any threats to morals by Sunday operations. This, sir, is a Christian state.) Nor has Heidelberg any of the other institutions that usually accompany oil field money — places of chance, drinking spots or ladies of good will. Mayor Myrick, a man who takes civic responsibilities seriously, says: "The feelin' of the people here is pious. They want amuse-ment, but wholesome amuse-ment." Meanwhile some of the oil workers, male and husky, grit their teeth and hope for easier times. An informal, minor establishment was permitted briefly, and the disapproving called it a "honkey-tonkey." It closed; some say the law got it; others give the honor to ceiling prices. Still, newcomers are betting that Sin will not remain forever *verboten* in this bonanza territory.

VI

The old ways jostle the new ones, as the folks move in and out of Heidelberg. Negroes direct mule-driven cotton wagons into town, piled high with the soft stuff. A farmer drives a team of slow-moving oxen through the street, as heavy rigging equipment lumbers by it. Oil-laden railroad cars roll on while buggies wait at the crossings. Children hang around the town pump; white men take the benches set up outside the stores, and files of Negroes sit, as always, in rows on the ground against the side of a building.

But there's money in almost everybody's jeans, and it shows. Giggling girls walk up and down in new, city-style dresses, usually pink; their younger brothers buy chocolate ice-cream cones, and their fathers wait in bright, second-hand cars or pick-up trucks. The latter means a "C" gasoline card and is therefore especially popular these days. Many have used their oil returns to pay off mortgages, to buy property or furnishings. The number of accounts at the First National Bank of Laurel has more than doubled; the deposits have increased by nearly a million and a half. The majority of the residents, Negro and white, seem to be using their money intelligently.

Others are drinking deep of long-wanted luxuries: trips, investments suggested by promoters, an occasional

second car for the family. Now and then the machines are wrecked, or taken back for non-payment before the owners have had good use of them. Some, who do not trust the banks, carry their cash in shoes or belts. One woman informed a friend: "I got my \$8000 with me, in this here basket." "Ain't hit a heap of money?" her husband asked, in pride. Another called for her returns in thousand-dollar bills: "They's somethin' nice to hold." And a merchant, expressing an old philosophy, comments: "I'm glad anyway, when the niggers spend it up fast. It's better for us whites when the blacks don't have it, ain't hit?"

Yes, Mississippi's churnin' and puzzlin' and agitatin' . . . "Something new" is in the air of the backwoods. It's the acrid smell of oil rising above the heady scent of magnolias.



WHO SEEK A STAR . . .

MEN do not touch a star by digging
 In the mud that mirks a stream —
 The stars are reached by men, who singing,
 Climb the ladder of a dream!

— INEZ CLARK THORSON

SHE NEVER REFUSE NOTHIN'

BY JULIAN LEE RAYFORD

OH, well, you know how come the woman? The woman come from a rib, the rib from Adam's side, Little Eva was the rib, the rib was Little Eva, that's how come the woman. . . .

Well, my Lawd standin' up in Zion, Zion town, my Lawd talkin' with Sweet Papa Long-Time Lucifer Satan. My Lawd said, I'm gon' make the woman.

Oh, what woman you gonna make? Oh, what woman you gonna make? that's what Ol' Papa Satan ast of my Lawd.

My Lawd said, I gon' make the first woman.

What her name gonna be? What her name gonna be? that's what Satan ast of my Lawd.

I'm gon' call her Little Eva. Call her little cause she little, call her Eva cause she Eva, that *who* she gonna be! So I gon' make a wish, that *what* she gonna be, and you gon' make a wish, that *what* she gonna be! So here we go round and round the old-time mulberry bush!

My Lawd said, This woman she gonna have a tongue!

Papa Satan say, 'As suh, she gon' have a tongue, but it be tied in the middle and cut loose at both ends!

My Lawd said, This woman she gonna be beautiful!

Satan said, 'As suh! she gonna be beautiful, but she gon' squat down, sit around, be idle all day long, all day long!

My Lawd said, This woman gon' love chillun!

Satan say, 'As suh, she gonna love chillun! But she gonna love clothes and hats and shoes and stockin's and things a whole lot more, a whole lot more!

My Lawd said, Le's see you make the wish o' you' own. . . .

Ol' Papa Satan, he said, Okey doke! Here we go round and round the old-time mulberry bush! When the woman say no, she really mean yes!

Lawd said, Well, for goodness' sake, what you mean? The woman say no, she really mean yes! Cain' her never say no so that no mean no?

JULIAN LEE RAYFORD has been collecting American folklore for many years and putting it into poetry and articles. This tale is a transcription of a bit of folklore long current in the South, but so fresh is Mr. Rayford's version that it might almost be called an original story. Other of his tales will appear in subsequent issues of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

Satan said, Naw suh, when a woman say no, she do really mean yes!

My Lawd said, Ain't that strange, ain't that peculiar! Oh, ain't that strange, and ain't that peculiar!

WELL, the next mornin', when the Sun comin' up and the Moon goin' down, and the Moon goin' down and the Sun comin' up, Sweet Papa Long-Time Lucifer Satan walkin' through the Garden of Eden, he met up with Sweet Papa Adam and Little Eva. He stopped and he said, Good mornin', Papa Adam, how you do, how do you do? How you doodle-doodle, doodle-doodle, do do do?

Adam said, I can do without you, you ol' horny-head, conky-head devil, so Little Eva, if you wish to reemain, you can reemain, but me, I'm gone on down the road, I'm gone on down the road!

Goo'bye Papa Adam! Goo'bye, Little Eva! Goo'bye, Mester Adam! Goo'bye, Mester Satan! Goo'bye, goo'bye, goo'bye! Oh, fare thee well!

So, by now, Papa Adam, he way down the road around there by the bend in the creek, down past the bend in the road, I mean he clean completely out o' sight!

Satan, he say, Mess Eva, how you do?

She say, Oh, man, I do just fine ever since you done gi' me that swivel action tongue what tied in the middle and cut loose at both ends, because ever since that I come around, Adam not win air single argyment

with nobody atall. I wins 'em all!

He say, That not all what I got for you, Mess Eva. I got a great gift for you, Mess Eva!

She say, Oh, the great gift, the great gift! Give it to me, give it to me, now!

He say, Aw, naw, Mess Eva! First of all, I got to know what do you have for breakfast t's mornin'?

Little Eva say, Man, for breakfast t's mornin', we had woofles and waffles and wiffles! And hot cakes and cold cakes and wheat cakes and pancakes! And we had sirloin steak and hamburger steak and Salisbury steak and Porterhouse steak and Eyetalian steak and British steak and Argentina steak and beef steak . . . with French fried potatoes and chow chow!

And ol' Satan, he knowed it a fine breakfast, too! Cause hit take a big breakfast for people in the Garden of Eden, cause they got a deevine, angelic, paradisical appetite. You take a angel in Heaven, you take a angel what want a ice cream soda at the drug store . . . you think fi'teen cents' worth o' ice cream soda gon' satisfy a deevine, angelic appetite? Naw, suh, man! Take two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten thousand dollars' worth o' ice cream soda to full up that deevine, angelic appetite! You know hit the truth!

So Satan, he say, That a mighty fine breakfast, Mess Eva, I know hit the truth! But you know what you be gon' need now? You be gon' need some dessert!

She say, Oh, man, we just goin'

down to the drug store to git a hot cup o' chocolate!

He say, Naw, naw, Mess Eva, I mean really dessertsified dessert! Now, how you like, say, *fruit*?

Eva say, Man, I just crazy 'bout sweet potatoes and peanuts!

He say, Naw, naw, Mess Eva, I mean really fruitsified fruit. Now, how you like, say, *apples*?

She say, I just loves pineapples and oranges!

Satan say, Mess Eva, I don' mean no piney woods apple, what I got, I got a real apple. Hit's one o' them Idaho apples what come from Montana. Now, here, how come you don' take a tee-ninecy, bitsy-bitsy bite?

Well, suh, he persuade that woman, she et up nine-tenths o' that apple, she et up more'n that, she et up seventy-fi' percent o' that apple. If she hadn' stop eatin' that apple when she did, the' wouldn' a been none o' that apple left for Sweet Papa Adam to eat that apple in the Bible, cause it say in the Bible that Adam eat that

apple in the Bible, so she had to stop eatin' that apple when she did so the' be some o' that apple left for Sweet Papa Adam to eat that apple in the Bible!

WELL, that evenin', when the Sun goin' down and the Moon comin' up, and the Moon comin' up and the Sun goin' down, my Lawd walkin' through the Garden of Eden, my Lawd met up with Lucifer Satan. . . .

My Lawd, he stopped. He look Satan first in the one eye, then he look him in the other eye, then he look him in the both eyes at the same time. That's hard to do, cause the' ain' nobody but people in the Bible can do that! My Lawd, he's in the Bible, he could do it, and he did it, and he done it right there!

My Lawd, he say, Satan, you o' horny-head, conky-head, conky-head, horny-headed devil, you done ruint my Little Eva, you done ruint my Little Eval A-a-a-amen. amen!



Opinion —

While great men oppose each other, thought marches on just the same; the monument of knowledge is built through conflict of opinion.

— GEORGES DUHAMEL

DOWN TO EARTH

BY ALAN DEVOE

The Bounty of the Land

THERE was a suggestion, made a year or two ago, by certain bleak and possibly not altogether non-political prophets, that there might come upon the inhabitants of this country the hideous calamity of famine. Because of ruinous botch and bungle in administration, according to these prognosticators, we might expect a perilously

tiny farm-yield, inadequate to nourish us. We might look forward to a time, within a year or two of the forecast, when mismanagement would have caused so many breakdowns all along the complicated line which links us with the nutrient earth that we should find ourselves ravenous and hopeless.

The time for fulfillment of these



Jack-in-the-Pulpit

Frank Utpatel

dire expectations expired some time ago; and we are not emaciated. A few, however, of the more diehard doom-sayers, have simply revised their dates somewhat, as the Millerites used blandly to revise their prophetic dates when the world disappointingly failed to come to an end on schedule as predicted; and we continue to be told, in a few quarters, that the famine is only postponed, but coming.

How many people may have been seriously persuaded of approaching famine is impossible to guess. Likely there have not been many. But at least a good many have perforce had a nebulous notion of famine thrust into their minds; and it remains there. Just suppose . . . suppose . . . the machinery of our society *did* sufficiently break down? Imagine . . . just imagine . . . a sufficient fall in the farm-yield, and disruptions in transportation, and failures in all the many-linked chain of processing and distributing and merchandising . . . wherewith then should we feed our mouths?

The question would surely have made any aboriginal Indian of this land gawk in mistrust of his senses. Could it be put to a fox or a coon or a rabbit or a squirrel, it must surely elicit an incredulous animal surprise. For the forest tribes of Indians had no farm, no machinery, not even the elementary mechanics of the wheel; but they found the land so bounteous that it occurred to them as a natural image to regard the earth as their inexhaustibly generous mother. A fox

cannot even set a simple snare; but who has seen a fox with his ribs showing? Raccoons die of many causes: old age, disease, attacks by predatory enemies. But has any naturalist found one dead of thinness, lying cold upon an earth that had refused to nourish?

The fact is that reference to starvation has been made with irresponsible recklessness. Starvation is a word of terrible seriousness. It means what it says. It means having nothing to eat. Having to make alterations in accustomed diet is not starvation; having to make reductions in a diet of habitual surfeit is not starvation; having to devote labor and ingenuity and concentrated attention to securing a diet is not starvation. Famine is something very much more than this. We shall face starvation when all the leaves have been stripped from all the trees. We shall be up against famine when all the bark is gone, and no weed grows by any wayside, and upon the surface of a shaven countryside no wild animal makes its way. We shall know when true famine confronts us. No crickets will sing.

To reckon on such possible starvation is to reckon on a specter. In the matter of food, as in most others, we have come to have such reliance upon our technology that we confuse a breakdown in its apparatus with a breakdown of the underlying essentials.

If all our edifice of ecclesiasticism falls apart tomorrow, does it mean that the substance of faith perishes? If the smooth, familiar machinery of

bottles and tins collapses, is there then nothing to eat? If the farmers, in a wonderful catastrophe, have ceased to raise any vegetable or any meat, has the wild dock ceased to grow on the stony uplands, the milkweed to flower and produce its succulent pods, the acorns to cluster on white oak trees, and the excellent and hitherto overlooked musquash and woodchuck to offer themselves by millions for our stew-pot?

II

We shall not come to that, of course. But it is an entertaining thing, and a soundly down-to-earth thing, to reflect that even if worse came to unimaginable worst — if our whole mechanism of food production broke down with a thoroughness beyond the most wildly calamitous prophesying — we should be under no more dire necessity than to revive a little our skill and application as natural animals. The New Yorker might have to betake himself to the outskirts of his steel and concrete city to hunt his sustenance. The Chicagoan might have to bestir himself at least as busily as a bear to fill his belly. But a handful of miles from the city center there is enough hawthorn for a legion. There are shadbush berries in the spring to feed a populace. Even leaving aside the hordes of kinds of game which our over-abundance has hitherto made it possible for us finically to disdain, there are enough leaves and stems and nuts and roots and pods

and berries to keep us sleek as woodchucks in a pinch. Much perishes and passes; much is precarious. But the earth remains, and we can stake our creaturely dependence on it.

The tea grows short? We have thousands or millions of wild acres of sweet goldenrod. We may think (being conditioned by habit and advertisement) that this were a poorish substitute. It is a forgotten matter of history, amusingly enough, that American goldenrod tea made such an impression upon the Chinese that that nation of expert tea-cultists used to import the stuff from us.

A similar ironic inversion concerns the estimable green, prized for salads, which we used until lately to import under the name of German rampion. We were as pleased to have this European rarity as to acquire a European title. The German rampion is actually our own wild evening primrose, which thrives as a wildflower — indeed a weed — from Labrador to Florida. We had exported it to Germany so long ago we had forgotten it.

Locusts are stated to have been the provender of John the Baptist. It is not necessarily to be understood that he ate grasshoppers or cicadas (though he may have done so, for both are eminently edible). What he ate, probably, were the fleshy pods of the tree *Ceratonia siliqua*. We have our own locust trees, black locusts and honey locusts; and the Indians found their seeds to be an admirable dish, a little acid and a little oily, and fine for consumption in the manner of peas and

beans. We have a hundred other kinds of food-giving trees. Out of the leaves of the black alder there is to be made a tea that is tonic and sustaining. Out of maples is to be drawn sugar and strength. The acorns of the white oak are a bitterish nut when raw; but let them be boiled and the acidity goes out and they make a cake that could sustain an Iroquois for a day's journey. By hundreds of thousands of tons, we let our wild nuts fall and rot. Is a hickory to be despised? Or the black walnuts that Audubon loved?

Every wild hedgerow, copse and clearing teems with good edibles. We have just neglected them. Having an over-plenty from which to choose, we have restricted ourselves to a few special choices which have become traditions; and being shut off from the earth by our technological processes, we forget that that Great Mother is still our source. We do not remember, buying a neat pill of codeine, that it is only the processed juice out of a poppy. Taking a complex prescription for our ailing bladder, it hardly enters our head that we are quaffing a distillate from watermelon seeds. It is still the earth that gives us our bounty. Take away the technology and the raw materials yet remain . . . and more of them than we remember.

Out of asparagus seeds there is to be had a good species of coffee. Lacking alder leaves or goldenrod, we need not despair for tea. An infusion of sweet fern, which was our popular native tea during the American Revolution, will excellently supply it to us; and

we are not hard put to find the stag-horn sumac wherewith our bronzed forerunners in this land made a cold tonic with which to fortify their strength on the summer trail. We cannot, like the ruminants, eat sharp-bladed grass; but we can eat the tubers of chufa or nut-grass with pleasure and advantage, and our stomachs take excellently, after a little adjustment of digestion, to the wild red clover. Chickweed is a rather better thing than spinach; the burdock which we ignore is good enough to be earnestly cultivated for the tables of Japan; a diet of our riotously proliferant wild onions served robustly for many months as the chief food of Père Marquette. Very few, indeed, of the produces of the measureless wild garden of the land cannot serve us. Jack-in-the-pulpit was the Indians' native turnip. Of milkweed the Plattes made sugar and a good dish of pods. The roots of rue anemone are a wild potato. Lupine seeds are peas, early blue violets a kind of wild okra, roasted roots of goose-tansy a nutrition-packed variant of parsnip.

There is not the faintest chance, of course, that we shall ever have to go out and root and forage for our food. We shall never have to become a nation of Nebuchadnezzars. But there is a certain value in reflecting that, should such fanciful worst happen, even then, unless we cannot summon as much animal proficiency as a chipmunk, as much woods-wit as a coon, we are hardly lost. We shall have only to get down to earth.

WAS NIETZSCHE A NAZI?

BY LUDWIG MARCUSE

It is reported that Mrs. Gladys Rockmore Davis, an artist, owns a dachshund named Nietzsche. We may safely assume that the idea was not to honor the dog but to insult the philosopher. The current legend places Nietzsche beside the aggressive Hitler, not beside the suffering Christ, though Nietzsche's autobiography is called, not *Mein Kampf*, but *Ecce Homo*.

A number of circumstances have contributed to this superficial identification of Nietzsche with the Hitler gang. His phrases, "the superman" and "the blond beast," happen to fit perfectly into Hitler's vocabulary. Nietzsche's call to build houses on Vesuvius seems to jibe with the Nazi romantics about the dangerous life. Most unfortunate of all for the philosopher's reputation, many German Nietzscheans became prominent Nazi professors; they celebrated Nietzsche's "Siegfried-like assault on the urbanism of the West" and, alluding to Nietzsche's book *The Gay Science*, called their philosophical schools "guardrooms of the gay science."

As if that were not enough, a publicity-fed world learned that Nie-

tzsche's sister had presented her brother's walking stick to the Führer. It learned that the collapsing Führer had presented a set of Nietzsche's works as a birthday present to the collapsed Duce. There is also the fact that the German philosopher glorified the Renaissance prototype of Hitler, the bloody Cesare Borgia. Everything taken together, who could doubt that Nietzsche and Hitler were cut from the same timber, especially when the Pope and many American professors proclaim this?

It is likely, however, that the Germans are less certain about the similarity between the Austrian and their famous philosopher. A few months ago the New York Public Library organized an exhibition of books prohibited by the Nazis. Works of Nietzsche were in that exhibition. While Nazi propaganda is not averse to being credited with such a great intellectual progenitor, it is sensibly averse to having some of his writings read by Germans.

It would take more space than any magazine can afford to demonstrate that Nietzsche was no Nazi by a thor-

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ough analysis of his brilliant writings. But the same purpose can be approximated by a simpler method. We have only to compare some fundamental utterances of Hitler and Nietzsche on subjects which are of prime importance to both of them.

The Aryan Race

The terms "Aryan" and "racism" were not invented by Hitler. They were a great nuisance even in Bismarck's time. It was Count Gobineau, a Frenchman, who gave them wide currency. And it was Richard Wagner and his circle who popularized Gobineau's racism, translated into German.

Only the white peoples, Gobineau argued, have a history. The white man alone possesses energy, love of freedom, aversion to every form of mandarinism and, above all, a sense of honor unknown to the yellow and black races. There was a time when the white race had the monopoly on beauty, intelligence and vigor; if the races had not mixed, leadership would have always remained in the hands of the most beautiful white tribes. Historical decadence began with cross-breeding. Therefore, the pure white races, the "Aryans," are superior. All civilizations in Europe derive from the Aryans, he taught; wherever the Aryan blood was exhausted, progress came to a standstill. And the Germans are the cream of the Aryans.

Who is Hitler's spiritual ancestor: Gobineau, the Frenchman, or Nie-

tzsche, the German? As we suggested above, a few quotations, translated, of course, provide the answer:

Nietzsche: The Aryan influence perverted the whole world . . . Against Aryanism and anti-Semitism . . . Mixed races are the sources of great civilizations . . . Maxim: never speak to a man who believes in the race fraud.

Hitler: What we see before us of human culture today, the results of art, science and techniques, is almost exclusively the creative product of the Aryan . . . Ideas such as "Democracy," "World Solidarity," "World Peace," "Internationality of Art," etc., disintegrate our race-consciousness, breed cowardice, and so today we are bound to say that the simple Turk is more man than we are.

Germans and Jews

When a man is accused of being the philosopher of National Socialism, the least one can ask of him is not to contradict the Führer's key obsessions about the Germans and the Jews. Yet Nietzsche does exactly that:

Nietzsche: When a nation is afflicted and wants to be afflicted with the mania of nationalism and political ambition, one must put up with all sorts of obscurities and disturbances which becloud its mind, in brief with little fits of stultification; the Germans of today, for instance, now have fits of anti-French stupidity, now of anti-Jewish, then anti-Polish, anti-Christian-Roman, Wagnerian, Teutonic and Prussian stupidity . . .

Hitler: The National Socialist movement must remain conscious that we are also obligated to a high duty as the guardians of the highest human race on this earth, and it will be all the more able to fulfill this duty, the more it contrives that the German people recovers its ra-

cial sense and, in addition to breeding dogs, horses and cats, takes mercy on its own blood.

And just as these two men sharply contradict each other on the score of Germanism, so do they differ on the score of Judaism and anti-Semitism:

Nietzsche: How refreshing it is to see a Jew among Germans! All this dullness, all these flaxen heads, these blue eyes; the absence of *esprit* in their faces, words, demeanor; their lazy sprawling, the German need for "recuperating" that stems not from overwork, but from their repulsive habit of stimulating and over-stimulating themselves with alcohol . . . The anti-Semites do not forgive the Jews for having "spirit" and money. Anti-Semites — another name for "failures."

Hitler: As National Socialists we see our program in our flag. In the red we see the social idea of the movement, in the white the national idea, in the swastika the mission of the fight for the victory of Aryan man, and at the same time also the victory of the idea of creative work which in itself is and will always be anti-Semitic.

The Christian Church

The complete truth about Nietzsche's struggle against Christianity cannot be told in one sentence nor in ten sentences. But let those who think they know all about it answer this one question: Do you know that Nietzsche always portrayed himself when he tried to portray Jesus? Even in the struggle against Christianity, in which Hitler and Nietzsche seem to be comrades-in-arms more than in any other fight, they are not on the same side of the barricades. Nietzsche does not

fight the Christian church for racial reasons. His point of view is in contradiction to Hitler's in the following:

Those who have tried hardest to keep and preserve Christianity, have become its most efficient wreckers: the Germans. It seems that the Germans are incapable of understanding the nature of a church. Are they insufficiently spiritual for this purpose? Insufficiently distrustful? In any case, the edifice of the church rests on a southern freedom and independence of mind and on an equally southern distrust of nature, man and spirit — it rests upon a quite different knowledge of man, experience of man than the north has had. The Lutheran Reformation was throughout an outburst of simple-minded indignation against something complex, to speak with circumspection, a gross but honest misunderstanding in which much can be excused — the expression of a triumphant church was not understood, the Germans saw only corruption; the noble skepticism, that luxury of skepticism and tolerance that every triumphant power sure of itself indulges in, were misunderstood. . . .

And in the following excerpt from Nietzsche we need only substitute "Hitler" for "Luther":

Today it is quite well forgotten that in all cardinal questions of power Luther was fatally sketchy, superficial, imprudent, above all as a man of the people who lacked any heritage of a ruling caste, all instincts for power: so that his achievement, his will to restore that Roman achievement, without his will or knowledge, was the beginning of an act of destruction. He ripped, he tore, with honest wrath, what the old spider had woven most carefully with long and patient efforts.

The parallel between Luther and Hitler is popular today. But Luther's

primitive fanaticism was rooted in the most sublime religious tradition, whereas Hitler's attitude toward Christianity is that of a racist gone berserk.

France and America

Similar comparisons can be made with regard to any number of subjects. Even where they seem to say something similar, close examination reveals fundamental differences. Thus both occasionally praise America, but how differently each is motivated; Hitler stresses America's good behavior in racial matters:

The American Union, by principally refusing immigration to elements with poor health, and even simply excluding certain races from naturalization, acknowledges by slow beginnings an attitude which is peculiar to the National State conception.

Nietzsche's few utterances about the United States seem to be expressly directed against the German mind and the dictatorship over opinion of the most powerful living German:

I find American laughter refreshing, I mean the type of robust seaman like Mark Twain. Nothing German could ever make me laugh . . . Perhaps no change in customs will be more advantageous to free man and knowledge than the spread of the "immoral" mode of thinking of the Americans: in the United States everyone takes the liberty of living in his own way and of changing ten times and is not exposed to any danger of ill-repute because he does so — in the end everyone will take the liberty of changing his views ten times and being ten times another man.

One country aroused the passions of the German Nietzsche and the German Hitler more than any other, namely France. How differently we may judge from these words:

Nietzsche: At the very moment when Germany is emerging as a great power, France as a cultural power is winning new importance. Even today much new earnestness, much new passion of the spirit has moved to Paris . . . almost all psychological and artistic problems are weighed there far more subtly and thoroughly than in Germany — the Germans are incapable of this kind of earnestness . . . In the history of European civilization the rise of the "Reich" means above all a displacement of gravity. This is already known everywhere.

Hitler: This people, which is constantly becoming more Negrified, constitutes, by its tie with the aims of Jewish world dominion, a grim danger for the existence of the European white race. For infection in the heart of Europe through Negro blood on the Rhine corresponds equally to the sadistic perverse vengefulness of this chauvinistic, hereditary enemy of our people.

The author of *Ecce Homo* and the author of *Mein Kampf* not only write and think on different levels — they are by nature bitter enemies. It certainly would not be hard to find similar utterances in both of them; Hitler has retained something from his readings of Nietzsche. But one should recall the Chinese proverb: "When the wrong man uses the right means, the right means work in the wrong way." Even when Hitler seems to proclaim Nietzschean principles, these are no longer true principles.

SAM ADAMS: OUR FIRST AGITATOR

BY STEWART H. HOLBROOK

UNTIL quite recently most popular textbook histories of the United States managed to give the impression that the American Revolution was a spontaneous uprising of enraged farmers, a sudden combustion of patriotism and pitchforks. Actually the first certainty about our Revolution is that it was carefully planned by a few shrewd men. It was carried out by home-made and talented and ruthless agitators, whom historians have termed statesmen; and by military leaders of little experience but great adaptability. The second certainty is that the great mass of American colonists were either passive to the revolt, or actively opposed to it. It is to be gravely doubted that throughout the war more than one-third of the colonists were heart and soul for the Revolution, and this number was much smaller before the Declaration. Hence, our glorious revolt was in reality a struggle, on the part of a few able minds, to impose an idea on the mass of the people, to make them fight and die for it, and finally to make Great Britain recognize it as fact. This took, as they say, some doing.

The American colonies were fortunate in having a few agitators fit to compare with the best in all history,

and the foremost of these was Samuel Adams, a man who has been ignored or cavalierly treated by too many writers. *This* Adams, a poor relation of John and John Quincy, was the one who stopped at nothing to hasten revolt. Lies, subterfuges, misrepresentations, violations of confidence were his common practice where the Crown was concerned. He would as soon hit below the belt as above. And when he thought it necessary, as apparently he did on two notable occasions, Adams did not stop short of cold-blooded arrangements for producing thoroughly dead Patriot Martyrs — a commodity of almost absolute necessity in staging revolutions.

Samuel Adams came from a prominent Boston family, dating from Genesis. Sent to Harvard, he soon discovered that both theology and the law bored him. Out of college, he failed in business on his own, then ran his father's brewery into bankruptcy. He had made many friends in Boston's political clubs, and they elected him to a seat in the General Court (legislature). He was also made city tax collector, a job he allowed to get out of hand to the tune of £5000 and which brought him no end of embarrassment.

But no matter what he was doing,

Adams was playing politics, the dirtier the better. No man to strut, he liked to pull the strings, to direct others in carrying out the plan for complete independence of the Crown which he conceived many years before any other man had given so much as a vagrant thought to such a startling idea. To accomplish his long-range plan, Adams bent his talents for propaganda and subversive organization that were no less than sheer genius.

Adams began his subversive work in the 1760's, when the mercantile and navigation acts were bearing down hard on Boston's shipping and business. Middle-aged, stricken with palsy of hand and voice, dressed in clothes rusty with age and creating for many "a misleading air of infirmity," he frequented the Green Dragon, the Bunch of Grapes and other taverns where, as his tart cousin John remarked, "both bastards and politicians are often begotten." To mechanics, laborers and business men whom he heard complain about the hard times, Adams explained promptly and in detail just how they were England's fault.

Gradually he imparted his devilish ideas of revolt to Cousin John, and to other professional men like Dr. Joseph Warren and James Otis, Jr. He worked subtly on John Hancock, one of the town's wealthiest young dudes and made of him what Tories soon called "the Milch Cow of Whiggery." It was Hancock's money that largely paid for the broadsides Adams

used to inflame the populace; and the same source bought the oats for the horses of Paul Revere and other riders whom Adams dispatched on subversive errands.

In every walk of life, from the somber-coated parsons whom he called his Black Regiment, to the ropewalk and waterfront gangs, Adams had his special friends whom he used as *agents-provocateur*. He was a thorough organizer who knew he needed intellectual lieutenants less than he needed a goodly mob of shoulder-hitters and sluggers. By 1764 he was the unquestioned boss of Boston's radical party, and henceforth he badgered successive governors until they were happy to leave office. In the meantime, he went in for a little shedding of "patriot" blood.

II

At this period the Boston merchants, threatened by Adams, had agreed not to import British commodities for sale. Eight merchants were known to have broken their word. One of these was Theophilus Lilly. A gang of young rowdies, abetted by someone who may have been Adams, placed an accusing dummy in front of Lilly's place. One Richardson attempted to pull it down. The toughs pelted him. He got a musket and shot into the gang, killing Christopher Snyder, aged eleven.

The hand of the Great Agitator now became plain. Young Snyder's funeral, arrangements for which were made by Samuel Adams, was of the

stuff that enshrines martyrs. The coffin, on which was inscribed "Innocence Itself is Not Safe," was taken to the Liberty Tree and there a "great concourse assembled and followed the remains to the grave." Six of the dead boy's comrades supported the coffin, and in their wake walked some five hundred school boys and girls, followed in turn by "nearly fifteen hundred of the inhabitants." It was probably the biggest funeral Boston had seen. The *Boston Gazette* discovered, surprisingly enough in one so young, that "The little Hero had shewn Signs of Martial Genius and would have made a clever man." Adams had long been a leading contributor to the *Gazette*. Other papers took up the cry and young Snyder was apotheosized into the "First Martyr to American Liberty."

Now came "the Bloody Massacre in King-Street." Its immediate inception was in a row between soldiers and ropewalk workers—some of Adams' gang. Noses were bloodied. Small mobs gathered. A particularly large mob gathered near Faneuil Hall and listened to a harangue by "a gentleman in red cloak and wig," who may well have been Sam Adams. There is no record of what the man said, but as soon as he was done his audience began to shout for the blood of the soldiers. They set out at once for King Street where the Customs House and a guardhouse were located.

It was night now, March 5, 1770. The moon was up, lighting the snowy streets. The little square around the

Town House, near the customs, was already packed with civilians when the mob from Faneuil Hall arrived. Among this mob was Crispus Attucks, an enormous mulatto who was leading a gang of sailors and ropewalkers, a huge club in his hand. Attucks jostled a sentry, who called the guard. The guard came, and there was a moment of silence except for the clank of iron ramrods as the soldiery loaded. Attucks made a swing at the captain of the guard, missed, and felled a soldier. Gunfire echoed in the narrow streets.

Three of the mob were killed, two more died later. Such was the Boston Massacre itself. Tried in a Boston court and defended courageously by John Adams and Josiah Quincy, six of the soldiers were freed of blame, two found guilty of manslaughter. Evidence at the trial, in spite of John Adams' care not to probe too deeply into the origin of the riot, indicated the affair had been carefully planned by certain unnamed civilians. The freeing of the soldiers seemed at first a blow to the "patriot" cause. So it would have been, except for Sam Adams. In the *Gazette* that worthy immediately shouted to ask if this was "ye only Satisfaction the Public has got for the MURDER of 5 men?" He recalled, shudderingly, that the very dogs of the town had been seen "greedily licking HUMAN blood in King Street."

Before this maddening thought had barely sunk into public consciousness, he had Paul Revere, engraver, make him cuts for "5 Coffins for Massacre"

— nothing better than pictures of good black coffins in the paper, Adams figured — which appeared in the *Gazette*, along with a rousing piece by one Vindex, who was Adams. The dead mobsters here became heroes without peer — pure, patriotic, Christian-like martyrs. Adams sent copies of this fraud to tavern keepers all over New England and New York.

Presently, too, there appeared for sale a print of the Massacre, done by Revere and Henry Pelham, half-brother of John Singleton Copley, likely the greatest single piece of propaganda put out under the Adams régime. As a “representation of the Horred Affair” nothing could well have been more inaccurate. It depicts a handful of Patriots — instead of thousands — dying like flies before obviously cruel soldiers, in front of a building plainly labeled “Butchers’ Hall,” while red blood issues from wounds that could have been made by nothing less than a ship’s augur. The gaping holes are immense. “Unhappy Boston,” says the accompanying doggerel, “See thy Sons Deplore, Thy hallowed Walks besmear’d with guiltless Gore.”

Nothing, not even the coming Tea Party, so maddened Yankees as did the propaganda Adams devised from the Massacre. It also gave Britain pause. The redcoats were moved out of Boston. Parliament cancelled the hated duties on everything but tea. Shipping picked up. Employment increased. Whatever was called normalcy in 1770 was returning. This period of

surface calm obliged Adams to produce new menaces and to remind his public of old horrors. He must prevent the slothful colonists from reverting to their peaceful, and to Adams, their sheeplike ways.

He began forming the Committees of Correspondence, a euphemistic title for an undercover movement that was to wreck the complacency of the colonists. Tried and true patriots in every town were to keep each other informed of any “repressive” actions of Crown officials and other Tories, and to be ready to act “as a band of Brothers, which no Force can break, no Enemy destroy.”

Intercolonial communication on a large and swift scale was soon established as far south as Charleston. To keep countrymen from thinking that city men of Boston and New York were *leading* them, Adams put out a lot of pap about his “sensible Brethren in the Country,” and how the city folk were “imitating” the resolution of the small towns to “oppose Tyranny in all its forms.” This sort of thing flattered the rustics. Adams served to the Committees in all of the colonies a constant fare of red, raw, dripping meat in the form of new horrors. He drew up a truly staggering list of “oppressions” from which he said the honest colonists were suffering at the hands of cruel Ministerial Tools, and sent it broadcast. Few of the repressed colonists had any idea of the irreparable injuries being inflicted upon them until they read Adams’ terrific indictments. Steadily, constantly, this fa-

natical genius injected poison into the veins of the thirteen colonies through the Committees. Isaac Sears and John Lamb in New York, Patrick Henry in Virginia, and Christopher Gadsden in the Carolinas, all left-wingers, were quick to circulate the Adams brand of propaganda. It is not too much to say that these Committees of Correspondence were the genesis of the United States of America.

III

Now came the celebrated Tea Party, arrangements for which were laid by Adams with a diabolical genius. The opportunity was supplied by England, where the great East India Company, virtually a part of the government, found itself short on cash, and long on tea. Parliament gave it a monopoly on all tea exported to the colonies. The company rashly decided to sell its wares through its own agents. Here, as Adams immediately pointed out, was government monopoly in all of its brazen hideousness. The colonial businessmen, most of whom had been staunch Tories, now allied themselves with Adams' party, the Whigs.

In late November (1773) three ships loaded with the East India Company's product entered Boston harbor and anchored below Castle William. This left them still outside the Port of Boston, a measure Governor Hutchinson had ordered because of conditions current in the city. These amounted to an impasse of Adams' making. He had been rousing the merchants, as

well as his gangs, to a new heat. If the ships once docked at Boston and were not permitted to discharge their cargoes, they would be liable to confiscation on their return to England. This was the law, made so by act of Parliament, providing that no dutiable merchandise could be returned to England in the *same ship* without a pass from the governor of the colony. The governor, in turn, could issue no pass without a receipt from the customs that the duty had been paid. Governor Hutchinson, in holding the tea ships just outside the port, was simply playing safe.

Safe? Hardly, with Adams still loose. Acting swiftly, Adams sent a gang of his toughest thugs to board the ships and summon their captains to appear before the Boston Committee of Correspondence. There he ordered the skippers to bring their ships immediately alongside Griffin's Wharf—unless they wanted coats of tar and feathers. The ships were docked as ordered, and Adams had meetinghouse bells rung and boys sent through town distributing incendiary handbills, thus to prepare Boston for a daring step.

Hutchinson refused to give the ships clearance to return to England until the customs gave him a receipt for the duties; the customs refused to give the governor such a receipt until the duties had been paid; the consignees of the tea did not dare, what with Adams ringing bells and passing handbills, to pay the duties and unload the tea. Old Adams the Agitator had now

brought about a dilemma that did his ornerly heart good.

Setting large, muscular patriots to watch the moored ships, Adams called a "general muster" in Faneuil Hall, where he told the crowd of the dangers inherent in taxed tea handled by a monopoly. Now came December 17, a deadline on which the ships would become liable to seizure by customs officials for non-payment of duty. On the sixteenth Adams called a meeting that brought seven thousand persons to the Old South Church. Josiah Quincy and others addressed them about tea and taxes and monopoly. At a quarter to six, just as candles were being lighted, Sam Adams took the floor. "This meeting," he said in his palsied voice, "can do nothing more to save the country."

It was a prearranged signal. It set off an immediate shouting, and down through the winding streets, mobs of boys and men moved swiftly to Griffin's Wharf. When the tide fell late that night, the shore from the wharf to Dorchester was one long windrow of the East India Company's finest bohea tea.

The tea-dumping job echoed in Parliament, and the port of Boston was closed. Other indignities were heaped on the colony. Adams reported them swiftly to all the other colonies. Parliament passed the Quebec Act, guaranteeing the French there freedom of worship. Adams interpreted it differently. "They would make us Papists!" he shouted, and was heard even in Georgia. He made a wonderful

bogey-man out of the Papist menace. Various suggestions were made through the Committees for a convention, an idea Adams had proposed years before, and Virginia's plan for a Congress was acted upon. On September 5, 1774, fifty-three delegates representing all colonies except Georgia, met at Philadelphia. Samuel Adams was among them, dressed in new clothing supplied by fellow townsmen who did not want the Great Agitator to appear in the ancient shabby garments he wore in Boston.

A declaration of colonial rights, moderate and dignified, was drawn up by the delegates and sent to England, then the first Continental Congress adjourned, after making provision to meet again unless redress had been given before May 10, 1775. Samuel Adams returned to Boston with a determination to prevent any such calamity as redress being given to anybody. He considered the Congress to have been chickenhearted, to favor half-measures, to be permeated with what in modern times has been known as appeasement.

IV

In the meantime, General Thomas Gage had arrived in Boston with troops and a navy. He had specific orders to arrest Sam Adams and John Hancock and send them to England for trial. Adams had now almost achieved the war for which he had been working for a decade. It was time for the shooting to begin, and begin it

did, not on Lexington Green, nor at Concord Bridge, but in the wilds of New Hampshire where no poet caught the echo to tell of the shot heard round the world.

Early in December (1774) some alert, undercover agent for Adams reported that General Gage was about to send troops to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to strengthen Fort William and Mary there. Presently Paul Revere was riding through the night to Durham, where he gave Adams' message to John Sullivan, militia commander, and that doughty patriot collected a few men, sailed down the river, and attacked the fort, taking it after some shooting without loss. Sullivan then appropriated a sizable stock of powder contained in the garrison. It was used to good effect a bit later at Bunker Hill.

George III was greatly vexed when news of the attack on the New Hampshire fort reached him. To Gage he sent pre-emptory orders to punish every man connected with the business and also to seize all rebel supplies. Gage was soon informed that Sam Adams was hiding, probably in Lexington; and that large stores of rebel powder had been gathered there and at Concord, nearby. Dr. Joseph Warren was now acting in Adams' place as chief of the Liberty crowd in Boston. He learned that Gage would be starting troops to Lexington one day soon. (Gage was no man to hurry anything.) Warren sent Revere to warn Adams and Hancock. Three days later the British marched out the

Lexington road, and that same night William Dawes and Revere went riding to warn the countryside.

It was now April 19, 1775, a fateful morning. The main body of redcoats was well along the road to Lexington. In that village the Minutemen had been aroused. Samuel Adams, it should be borne in mind, was also present. Captain John Parker, a soldier of considerable fighting experience in the French and Indian War, was in command of the Minutemen. He assembled them on the Green, then dismissed them, only to recall them a bit later. Why did he do so? The Green was next to the road down which the British must pass. Hills and thick woods, ideal for observation, were hard by. But Parker chose the Green — open, level, and so close that his men would almost be brushed by the passing enemy. Why did he do this? It was merely asking for trouble. He and his men, all armed, stood by the wayside, inviting insult and molestation.

Was Captain Parker acting *under orders*? Possibly orders from Sam Adams? The Great Agitator had been in Lexington for days. He was the dynamo that started and kept the revolutionary idea in motion. He had ably used the bloodshed in King Street to rouse sluggards. Now, on April 19, 1775, did he feel it was time to draw British fire again, to make some more patriot martyrs?

As far as I know, the late Harold Murdock of Boston was the first to cast historic doubt on the Battle of

Lexington, and he argued his case so ably that none can dismiss it lightly. Here on the Green was a handful of farmers, commanded by an experienced soldier who would be the last person, under ordinary circumstances, to oppose a long column of professional troops with a squad of rustics. Yet, there he and they stood, looking squarely into the face of certain death. It matters little who fired first. What matters is that they stood there, insultingly close to the road, and precipitated bloody shooting.

It should be understood, too, that it was the rattle of *British*, not American musketry on that hot dawn that brought from Sam Adams his oft-

quoted line: "Oh what a glorious morning is this!" It is a grand, a stirring line, one fit to be cut in marble, one that came from deep in the soul of one who felt that at last his mission had been accomplished.

Adams was of little help in prosecuting the war, or in forming the colonies into the United States. He served in Congress, was Governor of Massachusetts, and lived unblemished in "honorable poverty" until his death in 1803. No charge of ulterior motive, in anything he did, could possibly be made against Adams. If George Washington was the Father of his Country, then Samuel Adams was assuredly the Father of the Revolution.



COMMUNICATION

BY JOHN VAN BRAKLE

No longer is the long road long,
 No longer is the song
 Or speech of other lands
 An unheard call,
 For space has dwindled with its pall of gloom
 And now the world's become a tiny room
 Wherein the outstretched hands
 Can touch each wall.

PATROLLING THE AIRWAVES

BY PHIL GLANZER

SHIP and Clipper plane movements out of the port of New York were becoming known in Berlin and other interested Axis capitals almost as promptly as in Washington. For weeks the FBI tracked and watched until it was certain it knew the men responsible for the espionage. Proof of their means of flashing reports to Berlin was what was needed to make the evidence against them air-tight.

The proof was provided by another and newer corps of G-men: Uncle Sam's official policemen of the air. They detected coded dots and dashes emitted by an illicit transmitter, and with their instruments systematically mapped a path directly to the door of the Bronx apartment of Axel Wheeler-Hill, one of the FBI's suspects. The concealed short-wave transmitter was found and silenced. Passengers and cargoes of ships and Clipper planes departed with more safety.

This is only one example among many spectacular detective achievements of the Radio Intelligence Division (RID) of the Federal Communications Commission Monitoring Service that could be cited.

Twenty-four hours a day the 500 men of the Service cast their invisible nets into the skies of North America, catch whatever is going on, pick out the messages of spies and informers at home, and filter the broadcasts of enemy stations abroad for news that will be useful to our armed services and propaganda.

In peacetime the then small Monitoring Service had a comparatively simple job, that of checking on unlicensed "hams," or amateur wireless station operators, and seeing that the FCC's regulations were observed by licensed stations. In wartime the job has become vastly different and greatly expanded. The RID operates on a comparatively new frontier of crime. To develop counter-measures with which to cope with the many tricks of outlaws of the airwaves has been a challenge to the imagination, ingenuity, daring and scientific resources of Uncle Sam.

But the RID is staffed mostly by radio engineers and operators who have been building equipment and ranging the frequencies since they were in their teens and know the game from

PHIL GLANZER, a veteran of the Royal Canadian Air Force in this war, is now a free lance writer. He has contributed to many American and Canadian magazines.

beginning to end. Now as police they are pioneering effectively in a new direction. Like traffic officers, they enforce the ever-growing body of radio regulations, facilitate legitimate use of airwaves, and stand ready to assist any responsible individuals or organizations having radio traffic problems. Like detectives, they must constantly watch for and apprehend deliberate wrong-doers and devise safeguards against repetitions of the offenses.

The ordinary bluecoat who walks his beat trying the doors of business houses and keeping his eye peeled for evil-doers may patrol only a few city blocks. The radio-equipped squad car covers only a section of a city. But the men of the RID must patrol a beat along the radio spectrum that is 300 times the portion of the spectrum covered by the dial on your standard broadcast receiver.

They cruise these wide open spaces of the ether twenty-four hours around the clock, seven days a week, year in and year out, with twelve primary monitoring stations and fifty-nine secondary of satellite stations strategically located throughout the United States, territories and possessions. The satellite stations are smaller and not so elaborately equipped as the super-powered primary stations. They are tied into their respective primary stations by special communication services. The RID also has fifty mobile monitoring stations, which are high-powered direction-finding setups concealed in ordinary-appearing sedans that can be dispatched to any area

from which suspicious radio signals emanate.

All the primary stations east of the Mississippi are linked by teletypewriter with each other and with their nerve center, the Eastern Intelligence Center in Washington. The Western stations are tied into the Western Intelligence Center at San Leandro, California. There is also a Hawaiian Intelligence Center. The two Intelligence Centers in this country are linked by teletypewriter so that in effect there is a nation-wide network capable of operating on a national, regional, or local basis.

II

A case that developed two days after Pearl Harbor illustrates how this far-flung policing organization operates. The normal means of international communications, such as the telephone, radio telegraph and cable, were closed or under rigid control, so that the only means by which any spy in the United States could communicate quickly with an Axis station out of the country was by clandestine radio. On December 9, 1941, an operator at the FCC primary station at Portland, Oregon, tuned in a short-wave station sending the call letters UA and operating on a frequency capable of reaching across the Atlantic. Since he was unfamiliar with these call letters, he at once referred to an identification list and determined that the transmitter was unauthorized.

Here was a case that demanded in-

stant investigation by the entire RID network. The Portland station immediately flashed its discovery over the teletype network. In a matter of seconds, RID primary stations at Millis, Massachusetts; Grand Island, Nebraska; Laurel, Maryland; Kingsville, Texas; and Marietta, Georgia, were like so many bloodhounds sniffing the air for the scent.

At each primary station and many secondary stations — at some distance from the main building — is a tower. In this tower there is always an operator whose job is often lonesome and tedious, but is sometimes thrilling. His function is to revolve a large antenna called an Adcock direction-finder and use it to take bearings on suspicious signals. The instrument, perfected by RID engineers, is the most accurate long-range radio direction-finder that science can contrive.

As the alarm came in, the Adcock direction-finders of each station swung into action and immediately teletyped to the Eastern Intelligence Center the direction from which it was receiving the strongest signal. Experts at the Eastern Center plotted the projection of these bearings on a map. The point of intersection of the lines, of course, indicated the area that was the source of the signal. This is called the "fix."

Within six minutes from the time the Portland, Oregon, station, 3000 miles away, first tuned it in, the location of the short-wave transmitter UA was definitely narrowed down to the vicinity of Washington, D. C.

Due to precautionary measures undertaken before Pearl Harbor, the RID already had mobile units cruising the area. These automobiles have their detection equipment concealed so that they will arouse no suspicion as they cruise about the streets or country roads. One of their pieces of equipment is a special receiver which will reproduce a signal on any frequency and without an operator having to turn the dials to a specific frequency. It will sound off when a transmitter is operated within one or two blocks of its location. This is called the "watch dog."

Using the two-way radio-telephone with which each car is equipped, and talking in code, RID cars cruising in three different parts of Washington took bearings, compared them, and gradually narrowed the area of the search until their "watch dogs" told them the clandestine station was in the block bordered by 14th Street, Massachusetts Avenue, 15th Street and N Street. Cruising around that block and noting variations in the intensity of the signal, they determined that the transmitter was in the German Embassy. The detective work had been done so quickly that RID located the transmitter while the operator was still sending his call-letters, that is, before he had succeeded in contacting his receiving station in Germany.

RID immediately reported this discovery to the FBI and to the State Department. In accordance with plans worked out at 4 A.M. with the FBI, the RID operatives took steps to

determine the exact room of the building in which the transmitter was located. They obtained the co-operation of the local electric power company and, under cover of night, RID men crawled down a manhole in front of the Embassy to install switches which would permit them to isolate the power circuits and so determine whether the transmitter was in the Embassy residential quarters or in the Chancellery.

When the question had been answered, the State Department decided not to violate diplomatic extra-territorial conventions and force an entrance to the building, because American diplomatic officials had not been returned from Germany and the State Department feared reprisals against our own Berlin Embassy. So, instead of seizing the transmitter, RID took two counter-actions. First, it established two jamming stations, one in Massachusetts, and the other in Maryland, to smear any transmissions from the Embassy. These jammers were beamed on Berlin. Second, a monitoring service station was installed in an apartment nearby to intercept any messages the Embassy tried to send.

The RID obtained evidence that the man who operated this transmitter was the chief operator on the *S.S. Columbus*, which was scuttled by its crew off the Atlantic seaboard to elude capture by the British. Through some arrangement, he was transferred from the internment camp in this country to the Embassy, where he constructed the transmitter.

This demonstration of the alertness of the RID had a significant result. It apparently convinced Axis agents that radio activity in this country had small chance of success, for thereafter they concentrated most of their efforts elsewhere.

Since July 1, 1940, the RID has located nearly 380 unlicensed transmitters in the United States, territories and possessions, but the great majority of the cases did not involve espionage activity. Nearly all the enemy espionage transmitters located by the RID since Pearl Harbor have been located outside American jurisdiction — in Latin America, in Africa and elsewhere within the territory of the United Nations.

When Axis agents shifted their operations to South America, RID followed them and the story of its subsequent sleuthing there constitutes one of the most thrilling chapters in the defense of this hemisphere.

III

Not all RID's detective triumphs are concerned with crime. It often provides life-saving direction-finding service to lost airmen.

Last year, when Kay Francis, Carole Landis, Mitzi Mayfair and Martha Raye, the famous "Four Jills and a Jeep," were returning from their trip to Africa to entertain the troops, Kay Francis was one of twenty-three passengers assigned to a Pan-American Airways Clipper. Her plane became lost *en route* to Miami, *via* Trinidad.

When the plane was an hour-and-a-half overdue at Miami, the Civil Aeronautics Authority office there flashed word to the RID that the pilot had reported he had lost his bearings and was running low on gasoline. The pilot didn't know whether he was heading east into the Atlantic, south through the Caribbean or in some other direction.

The RID followed the same procedure it uses in locating any other signal — whether a code message from a clandestine radio station or interference from a doctor's diathermy machine. The RID monitoring station at Miami promptly signaled the primary station at Powder Springs, Georgia, which in turn alerted the entire Eastern direction-finding net and, virtually instantaneously, all the primary stations east of the Mississippi were tuning in the plane's signals. Within a few minutes, the various bearings they reported were correlated by the Eastern Intelligence Center in Washington and the "fix" was sent to the CAA, which in turn relayed it to the lost plane. A second "fix" followed and twelve minutes later, the plane landed safely at Alma, Georgia.

The chief flight watch officer at Pan-American's Dinner Key station stated that "if it had not been for the 'fixes' supplied by the FCC, the plane

undoubtedly would have remained lost and crashed."

What Miss Francis's emotions were through all this were evidenced in a radio program a night or so later when she requested a song familiar to all airmen — *Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer*.

There is yet another kind of detective work that the RID does. Careful translation and analysis of the recordings that one or more FCC Monitor Service listening-posts make of all enemy radio programs, has enabled RID to co-operate with the Army and Navy in extracting information of immediate military value, and also to reduce Japanese and German broadcast propaganda to statistical graphs from which the rise and fall of their war efforts have been plotted like the fluctuations of the stock market. They have enabled strategic shifts in Axis policies to be anticipated. When Germany was on the offensive, it could usually be determined from Nazi broadcasts of the "crimes" of the chosen victims, where the next blow would fall.

The Monitoring Service keeps check not only on the propaganda aimed at the United States, but also on that directed by any nation at the rest of the world. It is keeping Uncle Sam's ears wide open to portents of the future.



THE LIBRARY

The American Character

BY CHARLES ANGOFF

ON a cool September afternoon in 1920 I asked a fellow student at Harvard why, since he liked history, he didn't "concentrate" on American history, instead of European. Quickly he replied, "American history just isn't interesting. It's local. Not on a world scale."

The young man was only reflecting the opinion of most college students and a very large section of the public. The non-academic literary world, despite its protestations of maturity, felt likewise. The writers of the *New Republic*, the *Nation* and the *Dial* more often sneered at things American than praised them. Even Van Wyck Brooks, who now bursts with glad tidings of the great and indescribable wonders in our past and present, back in 1915-1930 specialized in throwing contemptuous aphorisms at our history.

Fortunately, while so many of our intellectual leaders have been blind to the importance and grandeur of our past, foreign observers have continued to be engrossed by it and to write about it with increasing power and understanding.

More than a hundred years ago an

eminent Frenchman wrote a superb tribute to our democracy, at a time when American educators and journalists were still not sure that democracy was going to work. A few years later another Frenchman hailed Edgar Allan Poe as a glory to the literary art, while the self-same Poe was little more than a name to most of our cultural leaders. Similarly, it was an Englishman who, in *The American Commonwealth*, wrote the best description of our way of life, and another Englishman who, in *Studies in Classic American Literature*, wrote what is perhaps the most profound analysis of our imaginative writings ever put on paper.

Now, still another Englishman, Dr. D. W. Brogan,¹ professor of political science at Cambridge University, writes one of the most warm-hearted and penetrating studies of our mode of living ever to appear in print. One hopes for it a long life and a wide public, not only in this country but in all other English speaking countries — and, in translation, in non-English speaking countries — for it is a

¹ *The American Character*, by D. W. Brogan. \$2.50. Knopf.

model of historical writing and could easily serve as a potent force in international understanding.

Dr. Brogan attempts no formal history but a series of very brief essays upon "certain American principles and attitudes." Like a good artist — and every good historian must be an artist — he writes from the heart as well as from the head. He has immersed himself in all the characteristic American smells and sounds and sighs and yearnings and dreams. He has roamed our fields and stood alone on top of our mountains. He has been jostled by crowds on Broadway and at country fairs. He has been to our churches and synagogues and movie palaces and mortuaries and great scientific laboratories. He has read the pessimistic abstractions of T. S. Eliot and the high-flung lyrics of Edna St. Vincent Millay, and he has also read the verses of Edgar Guest. He has studied the strange oscillations of the Federal political pendulum and the forty-eight smaller ones. He has heard our campaign oratory and read our editorials.

And out of it all he has come with the conviction that America is "the most interesting country in the world" and "that there is no parallel in history to the experiment of free government on this scale."

Despite his genuine affection for us, Dr. Brogan is far from uncritical. He has observed that our older people — perhaps more so than in many other lands — clearly show "signs of fatigue and worry." He thinks that anti-

Semitism is very much alive, that the Catholic issue is not being faced intelligently, and that the voters often select the man who makes the most impossible promises. He thinks that boosterism and keeping-up-with-the-Joneses still plague us, and he reminds us that contrary to the claims of Van Wyck Brooks and Constance Rourke, our achievements in the realms of painting and domestic craftsmanship have been mediocre. Finally, and perhaps most importantly, he finds grave fault with the low state of our religious life.

Our preachers who make the most noise are a constant embarrassment to their more learned and more gentle colleagues overseas. "Theological schools turned from theology to a form of anthropology — a moralistic and optimistic form, but anthropology all the same. That 'the proper study of mankind is man' was the evasion by which many American divines escaped the necessity for thought about God."

II

But always Dr. Brogan comes back to the essential magnificence of the United States, to the continuing poetry of its history, to the grandeur of its abiding purposes. More than any previous foreign writer about us — more, indeed, than most native writers — he has grasped this magnificence, this poetry, this grandeur, and put it down on paper in clear, forceful English. Walt Whitman, were he

alive today, would endorse his sentiments and it is time we also endorsed them. In the national realm, as in private affairs, a true knowledge of one's worth, particularly if it is high, is essential to social health and progress.

Dr. Brogan is an excellent guide in this regard. On every page he points to the splendors in our past and present, but he makes sure we do not sink into the mire of self-righteousness. We have plenty to be ashamed of, but there is also a great deal to be proud of.

We are pathologically credulous in international affairs and alarmingly slow to wrath, as both World Wars I and II proved, but once we decide to fight, we arm with miraculous speed and strike almost incredible blows — as the Germans learned in 1918, as they will again learn very soon, and as the Japanese will also learn.

We are a country, says Dr. Brogan, "in which melodramatic pessimism is often on the surface but below it is the permanent optimism of a people that has licked a more formidable enemy than Germany or Japan, primitive North America."

The conquest of the continent, indeed, forms one of the great epics of all time. English, French and Spanish troops — enormously greater in number and far better armed — opposed us bitterly every inch of the way in our expansion westward and southward; then there were the Indians; and finally — and most disheartening of all — the great obstacles of nature:

forest, rivers, mountains. The toll in lives taken by these enemies — the appalling hardships endured especially by the frontier women — has yet to be described adequately.

And so have the mighty contributions made by the early itinerant preachers. "The revival meeting, orgiastic, anti-intellectual, often ludicrous, was as necessary to the organization of a stable society in the Middle West as the steamboat that could move upstream from New Orleans to St. Paul. Religion, if sufficiently emotional, simple and relevant, could move upstream too, against the permanent temptations to save anarchy that the frontier pressed on men who had a natural bias toward anarchy, toward adventure, or they would not have crossed the mountains into the untamed land."

III

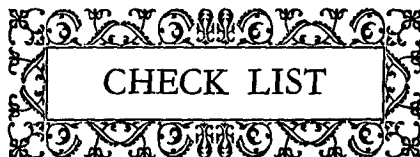
The frontier was often a community in itself, as, to a lesser degree, was each of the colonies along the Atlantic coast. Moral rather than physical authority held the early union together, and at the frontier the post office was frequently the only evidence of Federal authority present. Yet the United States grew in size and in strength, a new phenomenon on this planet. "The settlement of North America, the filling up of its vast empty spaces, is the most remarkable extension of one society over an ocean barrier of which we have any knowledge."

But even more remarkable has been

the force that has kept the union together and eventually placed it out in the forefront of the world as a power for democracy and peace and — yes — idealism. The principles of the Declaration of Independence and of the Constitution and of the Gettysburg Address are very much alive today — perhaps more so now than when they were first uttered. They have put a curb upon every one of our occasional attempts in the field of *Realpolitik*, and they continually shape our domestic policies. As Dr. Brogan says, in his most profound observation, “To ignore this is not to be realist but to be romantic.” Woodrow Wilson spoke more truly than he probably realized when he said, “Sometimes people call me an idealist. Well, that is the way I know I am an American. America is the only idealist nation in the world.”

Occasionally Dr. Brogan falls into facile generalization and error of fact. To say that “prohibition was mainly a women’s triumph” is greatly to oversimplify the facts. Men also had something to do with it, as the *Congressional Record* amply shows. To imply that organized prostitution is largely abolished is to misread most of the authorities. And to call that pompous failure, General George Brinton McClellan, “the typical American successful soldier” is to ignore most of the available historical documents.

These, however, are minor lapses in a thoroughly excellent book. There are few books like it; there are few books remotely like it.



(Continued from page 644)

THE ART OF WAR, by Sun Tzu. \$1.00. *Military Service Publishing Company, Harrisburg, Pa.* This is the Lionel Giles translation — originally published in 1910, and now edited and annotated in terms of 1944 by Brigadier General Thomas B. Phillips — of the oldest military treatise extant. Written about 500 B.C., its basic precepts of war planning, tactics and strategy remain sound and applicable to this day, regardless of changes in weapons. Unlike that other classic fundamentalist, Machiavelli, who distilled *The Prince* out of his experiences, Sun wrote his treatise before applying its principles. The book caused him to be given an army commission by the Emperor Ho Lu and he proceeded to disprove the maxim that “he who can does, he who cannot teaches,” by earning his command and leading armies in several victorious campaigns. General Phillips’ editing gives the book new interest.

YANKEES WERE LIKE THIS, by Edith Austin Holton. \$3.00. *Harper.* Loving memoirs of life in Massachusetts in the ‘eighties and ‘nineties written by one who finds more of the horse-and-buggy days worth preserving than the antiques with which the newly rich clutter their homes. Especially to be commended are two luscious chapters on food.

WESTWARD THE WOMEN, by Nancy Wilson Ross. \$2.75. *Knopf.* A fascinating collection of portraits of several dozen of the bustling, hustling and somewhat more refined women who achieved fame in the early days of the Western frontier. Miss Ross knows enough not to overpraise the more virtuous of the ladies, as she knows enough not to cast aspersions upon the frailer ones. Besides, she writes remarkably well, and her book forms a definite contribution to the history of those days.

(Continued on page 766)

THE OPEN FORUM

THE UNITED STATES OF EUROPE

SIR: I have received a copy of your April issue, containing an article by Count Coudenhove-Kalergi entitled, "Why Not a United States of Europe?" The Count admits that he wants a United States of Europe which would exclude both Britain and Russia. The Count surrounds this proposition with all the emissions of a cuttlefish, but it is really nothing more than a device for conferring European hegemony on Germany even in defeat. The Count evidently has some doubts whether we shall all be fools enough to be taken in by this impudence, and so he seeks to bolster up his German thesis with quotations from Churchill, Atlee and Eden. I do not suppose that any of them will think it worth while to rebut Count Coudenhove-Kalergi. I am sure that no politician of standing in this country would ever give the slightest countenance to the Count's little game.

It will perhaps be sufficient for me to say that no British Government that toyed with such an idea for five minutes would be in office much longer.

VANSITTART

*Denham Place,
Denham,
Bucks, England.*

SIR: It is no cause for surprise that Lord Vansittart assails my plan for European Union so bitterly and unfairly: nothing else could be expected from a man who has become the symbol of all who are hoping for a postwar policy of hate and revenge; a man who for many years has been a protagonist of the "big game" of European balance of power, that resulted in the present war. He certainly ought to remember that during these crucial years my "little game" consisted since 1923 in warning the nations and governments of Europe again and again that a second World War could only be prevented by a bold policy of European Union. Consequently I suggested, before 1933, Union with Germany to block Nazism; after 1933, Union against Germany to prevent war. But men in responsible positions, such as Vansittart, preferred to ignore these warnings — till Europe was ruined. Now they

are deaf to the new warnings that we are facing a Third World War if Europe remains dismembered — or is being partitioned between Britain and Russia.

Instead of European Union, Vansittart suggests the transformation of Germany for two generations into a colony of the United Nations, forgetting the lessons of history that no coalition survives victory very long. He also overlooks the fact that, in such a situation, Germany would certainly prefer to embrace Communism, thus becoming an ally of one of the occupying powers. The West would then face the choice of a Soviet-dominated Europe or of World War III.

The only way to control the Germans permanently and to break forever the military, political and economic power of the Reich is European Federation. It is not true that such a system would promote German hegemony. Within such a Continental Union only one-fifth of the population would be German. To expect that, in such a democratic Union, every German could overpower four non-Germans would imply belief in a German super-race and constitute an insult to all other nations of the Continent. Actually the German individuals are neither stronger nor more intelligent than the other Europeans. During this war they succeeded in invading and dominating the Continent only because they formed a united national block facing smaller, isolated and disunited neighbors. Never, neither in the past nor in the future, could the Germans successfully challenge a united Europe.

Even the myth of German military superiority has vanished in the recent battles of France and Russia: where the Germans face superior numbers and equipment they are defeated just as decisively as they win when they are superior in these respects.

I am at least as eager as is Vansittart to prevent even the faintest threat of German hegemony; my plans therefore suggest French leadership (not hegemony) and the liquidation of all German power, including the national army, national industry and national politics. This could best be accomplished by the transformation of the

Reich into a group of six German states, crystallizing around the former kingdoms of Bavaria, Saxony, Württemberg, Hanover, Prussia and Westphalia. At the same time, the German economy would be integrated in the wider system of European production.

Had Lord Vansittart read my book, *Crusade for Pan-Europe*, he would know that my ideas have been and are still being backed by a number of leading British statesmen. He tries to deny this fact just to discredit my ideas. Anyone can judge the truth of his statement by reading the brilliant article, "A United States of Europe," by Winston Churchill, published in the *Saturday Evening Post* of February 15, 1930. In this Churchill gives substantial credit to me and my movement and he also suggests a federation of the European Continent west of the Soviet Union. In May 1938 he republished this article with slight changes in a London weekly.

As British Prime Minister, Churchill has remained faithful to the idea of European Union. In his broadcast of March 21, 1943, he suggested the creation of a "European Council" within the framework of the future world organization. And as a spokesman of the British Empire, after the recent Empire Conference, he again proclaimed unity as his European peace aim in his address to the House of Commons on May 24, 1944:

"I, for my part, hope to deserve to be called a good European — to try to raise the glorious Continent of Europe, the parent of so many powerful States, from its present miserable condition as a kind of volcano of strife and tumult to its old glory of a family of nations and a vital expression of Christendom. I am sure that these great entities which I have mentioned — the British Empire, the conception of a Europe truly united, the fraternal associations with the United States — will in no way disturb the general purposes of the world organization."

Whether the British Isles are situated on "the glorious Continent of Europe" and whether the Soviet Union can be considered as "a vital expression of Christendom" may be or may not be a matter of dispute. But no fair-minded person, having studied the documents, can seriously deny that the head of the British Government has been more than "toying" with my ideas on European Union — not for five minutes but at least for fifteen years.

During the parliamentary debate following Churchill's plea for a "Europe truly united," Somerset de Chair in a long and brilliant speech for European Union recalled my address before

prominent members belonging to all three major British parties at the time they constituted a parliamentary group for Pan-Europe. This group met in June 1939 on the initiative of Leo Amery, now Minister for India (who prefaced my book, *Europe Must Unite*) and was headed by Alfred Duff-Cooper, now British Ambassador in Paris. The parliamentary debate of May 25, 1944 was closed by a pledge of Anthony Eden that the British Commonwealth "should use, can use, and will use" its influence "to promote the prosperity and unity of Europe."

Some days earlier another great leader of the Empire, General Smuts, when receiving the freedom of the City of Birmingham, declared: "Europe must not be carved up, atomized and reduced to a helpless chaos of fragments. Rather should she receive a new stable structure as the *United States or Commonwealth of Europe*."

Although four months have elapsed since these truly European statements of Churchill, Smuts and Eden, nobody has dreamed of overthrowing Churchill's government for its postwar European policy in spite of Lord Vansittart's dark threats. For Britons and Europeans are equally grateful to Britain's inspired statesmanship which is not only winning World War II, but is also attempting to overcome the danger of World War III by embarking courageously on a policy of postwar European Union.

RICHARD COUDENHOVE-KALERGI
President of the Pan-European Union

*New York University,
Washington Square,
New York City*

E. E. CUMMINGS AND ALAN DEVOE

SIR: This is just a line to express my thanks and appreciation of the marvelously apt and appropriately brief review of E. E. Cummings' *1 x 1* in your June issue. Your reviewer has said exactly what needs to be said, but I have looked in vain for years to see it said in any of the leading journals — before *THE AMERICAN MERCURY* took up the cudgels.

At the same time — on quite another topic — it occurs to me to say a word in commendation of Alan Devoe's "Down to Earth," which I personally regard as in a class apart from any other monthly feature published by any magazine of my acquaintance.

STANTON A. COBLENTZ

*Mill Valley,
California*

THE AMERICAN MERCURY

ON JOINING THE WACS

SIR: Ruth E. Peters, who wrote in the September AMERICAN MERCURY why she does not join the Wacs, could have explained her position with many fewer words.

An inferiority complex would not permit her to say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and so on, to her superiors. There is no need for drilling women to prepare them for the work they must do. She knows better than the military authorities. The drill has nothing to do with creating physical fitness, but is only to inculcate discipline, and she wants no discipline.

She would not be permitted to do the kind of work she might want to do, but might have to serve in a capacity regarded by the military authorities as that in which she could best serve her country. She would not be permitted to choose her friends, which is more important than helping win the war. That would be "social ostracism."

She knows, in her superior wisdom, that to respond to reveille at 5:30 A.M. is not essential to her job. Her time is too valuable to waste with "military trappings and flummydiddles."

Confessions, altogether, of a small soul.

S. MILES BOUTON

Asheville, N. Y.

SIR: The author of your article, "Why I Don't Join the Wacs," gives me a pain in the neck. She sounds like a spoiled brat who has never had any discipline and who doesn't like to acknowledge the fact that there are people superior to her in any way, shape, or form. Or has the lady got sore feet?

From the way she speaks of drilling, it would seem that of all the things she dislikes with regard to women in military life, drilling is by far the worst. Why make them drill, she asks, and answers it herself with the paragraphs quoted from the Field Manual — for the simple reason that it provides a means of discipline and of moving the most people with the maximum of speed and the minimum of confusion. The other reasons are minor ones from a military standpoint, I suppose, and yet the one item concerning morale certainly struck home with me. My morale was high enough when I joined the Navy, but when I took part in my first regimental review — only one of the thousands of blue-uniformed, white-gloved Waves standing at attention for the presentation of colors — I felt as if for the first time in my life the things which I had been accepting as my natural right and heritage were things to hold

tight to and fight for, come what may.

If the author would delve just a little farther into her subject, she would find that the saluting to which she so strenuously objects is merely a form of respect to the uniform, not practiced to make the enlisted personnel feel inferior, but just as a matter of courtesy to one who is a little better trained for his job or better informed. Even vice-admirals salute —.

There are many, many things that could certainly be improved in this "women in the service" set-up; no one realizes that more than someone who is in the service. But for goodness' sake, when we criticize, let's be constructive, not just petty.

Miss Peters is undoubtedly voicing the opinions of thousands of American women in this article, but I don't think it's anything to be proud of; it's rather a self-centered way of looking at things, and it made me mad clear through to think of a smug civilian writing an article ridiculing those who would also serve.

ANITA POLLWEILER

On Active Service

SIR: As a reaction to Ruth E. Peters' article "Why I Don't Join the Wacs," I quote from a letter from my daughter, Wave Rhoda Merriman, a college graduate, who gave up a lucrative job with a publishing house to join the Navy. Incidentally, she had the wholehearted consent of her fiancé in the A.A.F.

"I read the article in the MERCURY. I think the writer has a typical attitude of those who do not thoroughly understand the situation. I know a lot of us felt that military drill, saluting, and general military discipline in general were baloney, but I do understand now the why's and wherefore's of a good deal of the tradition and discipline that is ever present. It is true that you can go out and do most any job that you are properly qualified for — in a fairly efficient manner. But if you have the idea drilled into you that each one is a part of the whole and everything must be co-ordinated perfectly, then you have a better working outfit. If discipline is drilled into one, then obedience becomes automatic and if you want something done in a hurry the best way possible, then you have to do things with no if's, and's, or but's.

"There are many things that are distasteful in a life of this sort, but are there not as many distasteful things in civilian life today also? People like that (writer) annoy me because if they don't like it they should not be quite so nasty about

their opinions, even tho' everyone is entitled to think as he wishes."

G. A. UNGAR

New York City.

SIR: I have just read your article on the Wacs. As one who tried being a Wac for five months, I can respond with a loud "Amen, sister" to all that you say. And the 15,000 girls who refused to re-enlist over a year ago would probably do the same. (I think that's the approximate number who got discharges.) To me, the whole set-up was shockingly stupid.

OLGA JOHNSON

Washington, D. C.

SIR: After I read "Why I Don't Join the Wacs," I thought: I don't know who the girl is that wrote it, but she certainly has expressed my sentiments to a "T" and deserves to be congratulated on putting in print what others of us have been thinking for some time.

My husband is in the Navy and, like others, is away most of the time and so many people around me have asked why I didn't join the services. At first I said I didn't believe it was a woman's place and had quite a few arguments on my hands — lately I just give them a blank look — it saves my breath.

I've been in defense work until four months ago when I had the opportunity to be with my husband. (It would have been just too bad if I'd been a Wave or Wac.) He's now at sea, and I know he has the past months to look back on with pleasure, because we had a grand time.

(MRS.) MARION MITCHELL

Wollaston, Massachusetts

SIR: I commend you for your fortitude in publishing Ruth Peters' recent article on why she refused to join the WAC. I wish there were more among us who would speak out about these topics considered too far above the grasp of the layman.

For quite some time now, it has been considered well nigh treasonable to criticize or question any decision made by the Army, the Navy, or the bureaucratic Federal government. All of us are quite aware that in wartime we are expected to grant extra powers to our wartime leaders. But *they* must not forget, nor should *we* ever forget that, after all, the government and the military are both composed of mere humans who can and do make mistakes in judgment quite regularly.

When they err, they deserve to be questioned — just as would the most lowly American. Too many

groups in this country consider themselves above reproach or criticism.

BILLY L. BENNETT

Muskegon, Michigan

SIR: To those Wacs who wrote in protest to my article — (Wacs registered most of the protests.) — I say, if you had read the article with less prejudice and more tolerance, you would have discovered I was not shooting at you, but rather at the military system under which the WAC labors.

To the WAC officers — you cannot rise in righteous indignation and throw stones at women who refuse to join up. You cannot question their patriotism or talk in terms of self-interest. This does not meet the issue. War *IS* a civilian occupation, too, and many women out of uniform who have no patience with "military trappings and flummydiddles" are contributing more to winning the war than Wacs who, though they cloak themselves in glory and mention their sacrifices in the same breath with men who give their lives, have yet to strike their first real blow for victory.

Red Cross women serve the Army without benefit of protracted infantry drill, reveille, marching and saluting; and thousands of civilian women do it every day.

To those who say I don't know the Army — let me assure you that I do. I was living on an Army post long before the Wacs were dreamed up in Washington or the Japs struck at Pearl Harbor. I slept on an Army cot in a barracks. On rare occasions when I had a chance to sit in the luxury of my barracks' apartment, I sat on a nail keg. I have talked with thousands of GI's and participated in conferences with high-ranking officers. I have spoken on the same program with a general and rallied communities to support of day rooms, canteens, home hospitality, book drives and junior hostesses. I have even assisted WAC officers with recreation for their companies. This was not confined to eight hours, but required twelve, yes fourteen hours a day, for weeks on end. The one thing I may have missed is that "privilege of wearing the uniform of the USA," but is that privilege any greater than the privilege of being an American?

To those who called me selfish, jealous of women in uniform, inferior and too gutless to join the WAC, I have nothing to say. Granting the charges (far be it from me to deprive anyone of his opinion) let's look behind the smoke screen. While WAC was mobilized to supplement the nation's anticipated manpower shortage, the actual shortage never developed. *Yank* (Sept. 29) estimates a current one to two million-man sur-

plus, which puts WAC in the position of being not in lieu of needed manpower, but in addition to surplus manpower. In the light of this and history yet to unfold, Wacing may prove to be an even greater national luxury and waste than I anticipated.

Finally, my article may be the "confessions of a small soul," but the indisputable fact remains, "the ranks of the Wacs wane and wax thin." Not without cause.

RUTH E. PETERS

Madison, Wisconsin

JUSTICE HUGO BLACK

SIR: The picture, and the article from the nimble mind and fingers of Mr. Rodell which grace the cover and the pages of my favorite magazine, THE AMERICAN MERCURY (August issue), hit me hard enough in my center of moderation to file down the serrated sharpness of an opinion I have been holding toward making of our Supreme Court a sort of packing plant. The article and the cover are so at war with each other, that neutralizations, even generously sprinkled, leave the observer and the reader wishing the picture had not been included. This thought comes with a force when "... joined the Klan as a young Alabama politician, — perhaps (possibly so) *unthinkingly*." Again I turned to the picture, and viewing the evidence of extended thinking ability, I wondered. It didn't make sense.

Two stories were recalled that I had not thought of for years. One was the story of the original New Dealer, Niccolo Machiavelli. The other one was told me by my father when I was a boy. It concerned a youth who had committed a wrong which not only reflected discredit on himself, but his father and mother as well. The father took him to task. He then imposed a penalty. The boy was told to drive a ten-penny nail the half of its length into a pillar of their front porch. "For the next month," the father said, "whenever entering or leaving the house you will pause a moment before that half-driven nail and resolve to lead a less selfish life. At the end of the month if you have deported yourself as a gentleman, then you may pull out the nail."

At the end of the month the boy was given his father's approval. When the nail was out, the boy said, "Well, Dad, it's out." "Yes," said the father, "but it left its mark. Don't forget that."

J. CHRISTOPHER O'DAY, M.D., F.A.C.S.
Honolulu, Hawaii

BRITISH HOSPITALITY

SIR: I was very interested in "First Impressions of America," by Ronald Collier in the June issue of your magazine. The warmth of American hospitality is well-known here, and some of us have been trying to reciprocate, but with varying results.

May I give my experience? My wife and I were very pleased to welcome two G. I.'s to our home one evening, and we had a good time all round. I am sure their expressions of thanks were more than politeness.

We arranged to take them on a picnic the next week-end, but the fortunes of war decreed that the whole camp was moved before then. Some weeks later the vacant camp was filled with another company, and I wrote to the Commanding Officer offering hospitality to one or two of the company, if they were interested. I had no reply to this letter. On several occasions I have chatted in this city with G. I.'s, and have often offered an invitation home. On two occasions I have given my name and address with details of the way to reach it, and even made appointments to meet the boys and take them home, but the dates have not been kept.

This city has a Hospitality Committee which arranges hospitality in private homes for American and Dominion troops, but when I gave my name and address in, the organiser told me not to be disappointed if I heard nothing, as the results were somewhat disappointing. I have not heard anything, and I am disappointed.

May I now say that I am not complaining? I am not claiming that my experience is typical or even general, although at least one friend has a similar tale to tell.

I know that where contacts are made, lasting friendships have resulted, and a small link in the chain of international understanding has been forged. My wife and I are anxious to welcome your countrymen as much for our own benefit, as for the pleasure of giving them a couple of hours in an easy chair, and it seems that we shall not again have such an opportunity as now while so many Americans are over here.

So, please, if the returning G. I.'s say the British are stiff and starchy, remember in your charity that some of us tried to show that we weren't. At any rate, I shall keep on trying.

LIONEL RANDLE

Birmingham,
England.

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of *The American Mercury*, published monthly at Concord, N. H., for October 1, 1944.

State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Joseph W. Ferman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of *The American Mercury* and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: *Publisher and Editor*, Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; *Managing Editor*, Charles Angoff, 570 Lexington Ave., New York; *Business Manager*, Joseph W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., New York.

2. That the owners are: *The American Mercury, Inc.*; Lawrence E. Spivak, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Joseph W. Ferman, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.; Mildred Falk, 570 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

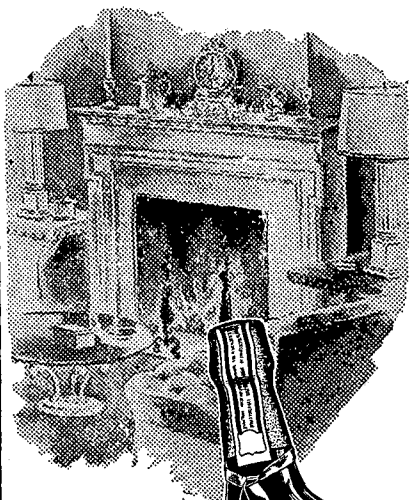
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

J. W. Ferman, *Business Manager*.

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(Seal) (My commission expires March 30, 1946.)

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CHECK LIST

(Continued from page 757)

FICTION

THE LEANING TOWER AND OTHER STORIES, by Katherine Anne Porter. \$2.50. *Harcourt, Brace.* The title story — the longest in this collection of nine — is considerably below Miss Porter's best. It is wordy, over-symbolical, and its point is far from clear. Miss Porter apparently tries to get on paper several phases of the German soul through the eyes of a visiting American artist, but her characters seem to get in each other's way — and in the way of her own central purpose. The other stories are enormously better, especially "A Day's Work" and "The Downward Path of Wisdom." The first is a heart-breaking tale of an Irishman cursed with a wife who is "a holy terror of a saint" who doesn't understand that "a man needs a woman knows how to loosen her corsets and sit easy." The second relates the bitter lessons learned by a little boy whose parents are forever quarreling, and whose uncle is a bully dripping with bourgeois morality. Both stories are written with impeccable style and startling insight. Then there are six Grandmother stories of a theme familiar to those who have read Miss Porter's previous two collections.

One of the six is a veritable gem. It is called "The Old Order," wherein Grandmother recalls the distant past. The refrain of this tragic yet strangely charming tale is that when children "are little, they trample on your feet, and when they grow up, they trample on your heart."

EARTH AND HIGH HEAVEN, by Gwethalyn Graham. \$2.50. *Lippincott.* This is a remarkably sensitive portrayal of two people — a Jew and a Gentile — struggling to secure their love against the pressure of prejudice and intolerance. Not only must they wage battle against Montreal "society," but against an almost pathological parent. Although the writing has no distinction of style, it is dignified by a deep sincerity of purpose and real humanity.

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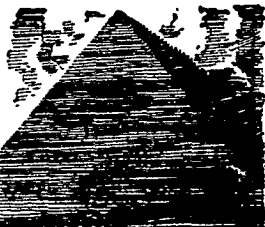
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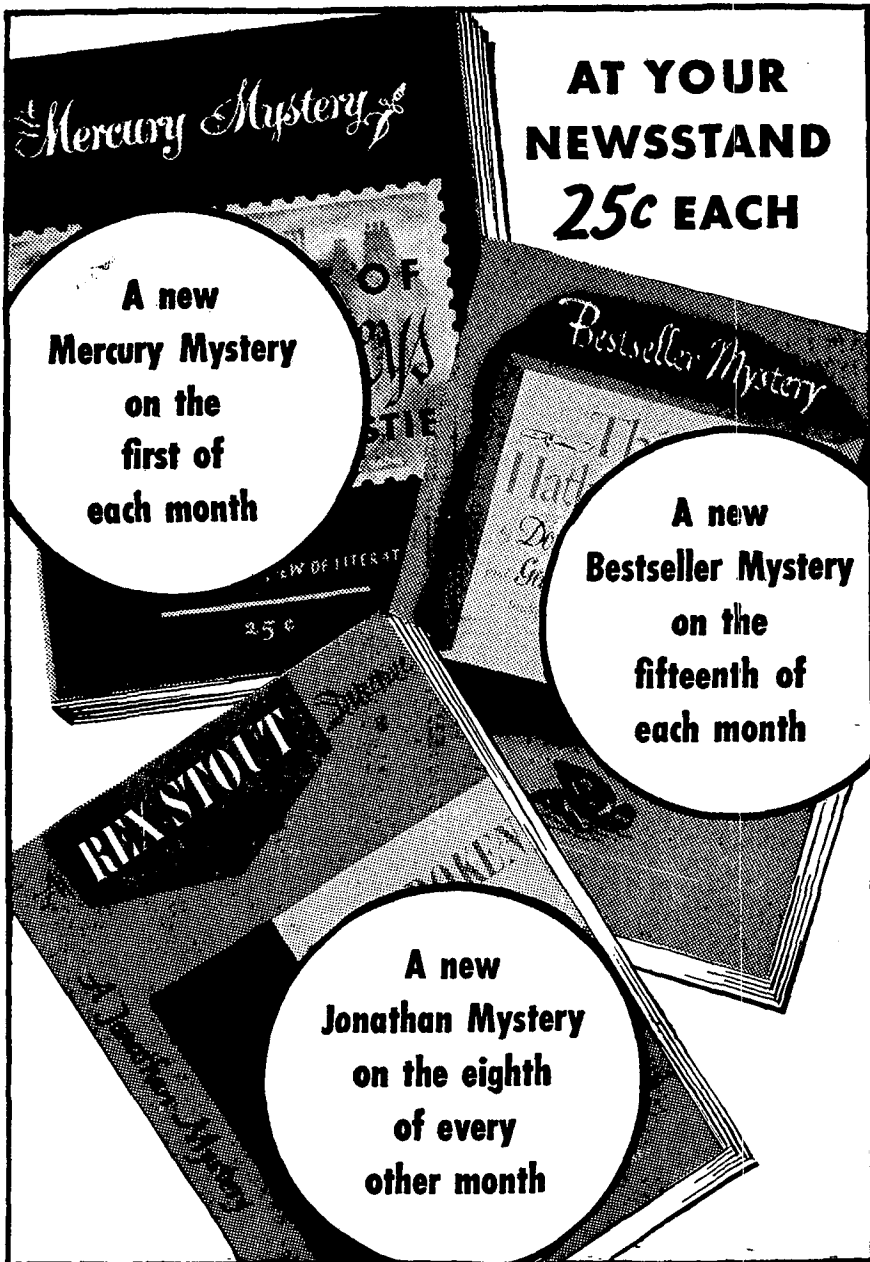
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